

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1883.

The Week.

THE appointment of Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, as Postmaster-General, has been received with no little satisfaction by the public, partly on account of its inherent merit, and partly because it entirely dispels the fears, entertained by some, of much worse things that might have happened. Mr. Gresham has been a patriotic and brave soldier and a good judge; and as a politician he has not belonged to the class of narrow-minded, hide-bound partisans. He has had but little, if any, opportunity to prove his administrative capacity, but it may be taken for granted that he will take hold of the business of the Department which he is to conduct, with a firm determination to have it honestly and efficiently done. The appointment reflects credit upon the President. And if it is true, as reported, that Mr. New, one of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury, and Mr. Hatton, the well-known Assistant Postmaster-General, are dissatisfied with it—the former, as an Indiana man, because it shuts him out from a Cabinet appointment for which he is ambitious, and the latter because he would have liked to be Postmaster-General himself—this circumstance will not disturb the general contentment. On the contrary, it is hoped that Mr. Hatton will not be permitted to play such pranks under Postmaster-General Gresham as he did under Postmaster-General Howe.

The State election in Rhode Island on Wednesday resulted in the defeat of the combined Democrats and Independents, under the lead of ex-Senator Sprague, by a considerable majority—considerable at least for Rhode Island. This result will be generally regarded as a defeat for General Butler, who appeared on the scene as ex-Senator Sprague's main champion, for the purpose, as was widely reported and believed, of securing for himself the Rhode Island delegation in the next National Convention of the Democratic party. The morning papers publish a declaration from General Butler, emphatically denying that he is a candidate for the Presidency. This denial will not meet with as much incredulity now as it would have done last week. He is, however, working hard to recover some of the ground he has recently lost, by the investigation of certain abuses in the management of the Tewkesbury Almshouse, the outcome of which threatens to be quite sensational. No greater mistake could be made by the Investigating Committee of the Legislature than to permit itself to be put in the attitude of defending the abuses against the charges made by the Governor. If any abuses exist, the Legislative Committee should show such zeal in exposing them, with a view to their correction, as to make all outside stimulus appear superfluous.

Governor Butler defends himself against the very severe strictures which the clergy have

been making on his Fast-Day proclamation, by announcing that he played them something in the nature of a trick by taking as his model a proclamation issued by one of his predecessors in 1810; but admits that he inserted the warning against preaching on political topics, which in 1810 would not have been necessary, because the clergy avoided such topics at that time. We suspect he is greatly mistaken on this point. The Massachusetts ministers were great politicians from the beginning down to 1810 and later, and one result of their political activity was the absence of Butler. His growth would have been impossible when they were in their heyday, or, if he had appeared, he certainly would have caught it in a way of which the sermons last Fast Day give but little idea. The Massachusetts ministers, indeed, as everybody knows who has perused any of their sermons about Jefferson, the Democrats, or the French Revolution, were not mealy-mouthed in old times in talking about such a son of Belial as Butler would have seemed to them to be at any period, and as he undoubtedly is. Nobody, in any age, who looks at him from an ecclesiastical point of view, and feels bound to characterize him, can avoid using language of great strength.

Last week we recorded the removal of General Trowbridge from the office of Collector of Internal Revenue at Detroit, Michigan, as one of the most glaring and inexcusable violations of all sound civil-service principles on the part of the Administration. A Detroit paper now publishes the correspondence between General Trowbridge and General Green B. Raum, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, which preceded the removal, and puts the arbitrary character of the latter in the strongest light. On March 21 Mr. Raum telegraphed to General Trowbridge: "I am directed by the President to inform you that he has concluded to ask you to send in your resignation as Collector of Internal Revenue. Please reply to me by telegraph to-day." General Trowbridge promptly answered this curt message by saying that while he entertained the highest respect for the President, he declined to comply with the request for his resignation, and would give his reasons in full by letter. But Mr. Raum could not wait for those reasons. He forthwith telegraphed to General Trowbridge: "I regret your declination, and hope you will at once reconsider it and telegraph your resignation on receipt of this date." But General Trowbridge declined again, saying that he was not conscious of any act that would justify a demand for his resignation; that he had "served the Government faithfully in war and in peace," and that he was "unwilling to leave that service under the implied appearance of a forced resignation." And in the letter giving his reasons more fully he modestly but firmly declined again to resign, and then added: "During my administration I have received from you the most flattering commendations, and have been told that my office was second to none in

the country in point of efficiency and good management. On the other hand, my administration has been such as to receive the unqualified endorsement of the entire body of the taxpayers who had business with the office. With a unanimity truly surprising, they have protested against any change in this office. There is, therefore, no reason connected with the public service why I should resign, at least so far as I know." Neither General Raum nor President Arthur could say in reply that there was any such reason. But General Trowbridge was simply removed and a favorite of Senator Conger put in his place.

A report of the Assembly Committee on Public Education—the only report, it is said, which that Committee has made this year—recommends the following important and encouraging bill:

"Any person who shall sell, loan, or give to any minor under sixteen years of age any dime novel or book of fiction, without first obtaining the written consent of the parent or guardian of such minor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment or by a fine not to exceed fifty dollars."

The determination shown in this to arrest not only the sale, but the reading, not simply of pernicious literature, but of all fiction, among the young of both sexes, proves that there are probably far more friends of virtue in the Assembly than the public has been in the habit of supposing. The author of the report is Mr. Abel Goddard, of St. Lawrence County, a gentleman hitherto little known, but, unless all the usual signs of greatness are deceptive, destined to fill a large place in American history. He is just the kind of man of whom the new school of historians, like Green and McMaster, will make much, and with good reason. What we like most in the bill is the evidence it affords that Mr. Goddard himself is a man of serious tastes, who reads for mental discipline, rather than to kill time, as most readers, we fear, do. There are, we fancy, not many persons among us whose acquaintance with the literature of fiction is as meritoriously slight as his seems to be. He is evidently under the impression that the term "dime novel" is a generic name, and covers all tales. Hence his stringent but healthy provision for putting anybody in jail who lends "Ivanhoe" or "Robinson Crusoe" to a boy of sixteen without receiving a written request to do so from the youth's papa or mamma. Indeed, it looks as if fiction and liquor were mixed in Mr. Goddard's mind in a vague way, as synonymous terms.

The keen competition of the law continually produces ingenious novel devices for getting the better of an antagonist. According to the *Legal Adviser* of Chicago, the lawyers of that city have got what is regarded as a "new racket," viz.:

"when the lawyer for the plaintiff is making his closing speech, to constantly interrupt the speaker, and protest both as to the line of argument and language made use of, and demanding of the Court to rule both as to the fitness and propriety of the argument and the correctness of the statements made, whatever they are, and

excepting to the rulings of the judge and making up a bill of exceptions and taking the case up on such exceptions."

This seems to be a very neat way of trying the whole case twice over; but it must have a bad effect on forensic eloquence. We doubt if the greatest orators at the bar the world has ever produced would be able to do themselves any justice in addressing the jury, if such a "racket" were to become a recognized part of a trial. An impassioned appeal to the feelings, for instance, in a murder or breach-of-promise case, continually interrupted by disputes over its fitness and propriety, and by requests to the judge to "note an exception," would lose much of its effect. All the traditions of the profession, from the days of Cicero to those of Howe & Hummel, seem to be opposed to this new "racket."

The showing of the Augustinian Fathers in Massachusetts of the results of their savings bank operations is very melancholy reading. Their liabilities to their depositors are, they say, \$455,000. This sum, with a mortgage of \$60,000, has been put into four parsonages, churches, and schools, which are called the "assets," and are valued at \$569,000; but it is admitted that if sold now they would not bring \$28,450, or five per cent. of the total debt. It is rather difficult to understand the state of mind of the Fathers when disposing of the poor people's money in this way. It is impossible to believe that it was one of pure recklessness, and that as long as they got the money into churches they did not care what became of the depositors. We incline to believe that, if the truth were known, the Fathers would be found to have been the victims of that great and curious delusion about "basing," which had so much to do with diffusing the greenback craze after the war. The Greenbackers have always maintained that as long as promissory notes were "based" on tangible property, you might issue any amount of them whatever; that, for instance, you might issue an amount equal in nominal value to the real value of all the property in the country, and they would then be "based" on the property. If you asked them what they meant by "based," they would say that they were issued "against the property," or that the property was "there" to meet them, but would always admit that you could not exchange them for the property, or any part of it, so that the "basing" really established no connection, except in the mind of the holder, between the paper money and anything else in the world. The "basing" idea probably got hold of the Fathers, and they thought that as the churches and parsonages were there, the claims of the depositors were "based" on them, and so all was right.

International "events" like the late balk-line billiard tournament for the championship of the world would be more impressive and interesting to the nations concerned if they were not so frequently and indeed customarily followed by charges of "fraud." There seems to be no real reason for doubting the fairness of the game in which Vignaux was defeated by Schaefer; but Vignaux was playing in a foreign country, and watched by

a foreign audience, and besides this he was beaten. According to all precedent, this is quite enough as a foundation for the gravest charges. Owing to the fact that with nine-tenths of sporting men sport is entirely a matter of dollars and cents, what may be called the business view of an international contest must be very prevalent. One of the correspondents writing about Vignaux and Schaefer remarks that the contest was so close that "either player by selling the game could have made himself comfortable for life"—much as if a transaction of this sort was an every-day occurrence among champions, and that therefore the sense of honor shown by Schaefer and Vignaux in not making a "deal" was little less than sublime. Every country will doubtless in the long run take most pride and interest in those of its champions who refrain from selling their games.

Fine weather at the West has made an improvement in crop prospects, especially for winter wheat, though the general condition of that crop, as shown by the United States Agricultural Bureau report on Tuesday, the 10th instant, is below that of last year. Reports from the West also show that the seeding of spring wheat has made good progress, and that the area this year will be largely increased over last year's. Large numbers of immigrants are already moving into Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, and Northern Texas, and the general aspect of trade and industrial affairs at the West is very encouraging. Within the past week the money market has become decidedly easier, and rates for discount of mercantile paper have declined one-half per cent. Easier money has enabled merchants to remit on foreign account, and rates of foreign exchange have advanced about 2 cents on the pound. There has been an increased demand for investment in railroad bonds, which have advanced from 1 to 4 per cent. The greater part of this investment has been of a speculative character, in bonds which are below par, and the future of which depends on the prospective business of the railroads issuing them. Within the past few days the speculative disposition above mentioned has apparently extended to railroad stocks. Monday was the most active day in the stock market thus far this year. The general advance of prices of stocks in the past week has been from 1 to 5 per cent. Those which have advanced the most have been Burlington and Quincy, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Louisville and Nashville, Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Missouri Pacific, and Lake Shore.

The British budget for 1883 shows the financial condition of the Empire to be extremely satisfactory, notwithstanding the strain put upon its resources by the war in Egypt, the disturbed condition of Ireland, and the arrearages incurred under the Beaconsfield Government. The national debt has been reduced during the year by about £7,100,000, and a further reduction of £8,000,000 is expected this year. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Childers, said that the debt, which is now £762,000,000, might be reduced £172,000,000

during the next twenty years without difficulty. The revenue for the year was £89,000,000, and the expenditure, including debt reduction, £88,900,000. The expenditure on account of the Egyptian campaign was £3,896,000. The Chancellor proposed sundry reductions of taxation, the most important of which was a reduction of the income tax by three half-pence. He also thought that the charge for telegrams within the United Kingdom might be reduced to sixpence—the existing rate being one shilling for twenty words, counting the address and signature. The report was received by the House of Commons "with loud and prolonged cheers"—which is not surprising when we reflect upon the great deficit left by the Tory administration as the result of its "spirited foreign policy" in Turkey, Afghanistan, and South Africa. The most significant part of Mr. Childers's showing is that which looks toward the eventual payment and extinction of the national debt. The example of the United States has had a great and beneficial influence upon the mother country in this behalf. The fact that American 3 per cents sell higher than British 3s was commented upon by the *Economist* lately as a phenomenon which could only be ascribed to the persistent debt-paying policy of the United States.

The nitro-glycerine discoveries in England are very startling, and may well alarm people, and cause much doubling of guards and patrols and great detective activity. But then the facility with which, apparently, the explosive factories are discovered shows what difficulties the laborers in this field have to contend with, and indicates, perhaps, that the world is unnecessarily frightened by them. Nothing is easier than to hire a house and begin compounding dynamite in it, but the dynamite in the factory is of no use to the conspirators. It has to be transported considerable distances in order to serve their purpose, and is a very ticklish thing to transport even in small quantities, and a quantity of it large enough to do real execution is large enough to attract attention. It has, moreover, in order to terrify tyrants thoroughly, to be placed in or rather under their lairs, so that when it explodes it may rend the building completely, like the explosion in the cellar of the Winter Palace; but it is no easy matter to get a snug keg or can of dynamite into a tyrant's basement and explode it without damage to the conspirator himself. Most of the Fenian attempts in England have failed. The two successful ones—that at the Clerkenwell Prison and that the other day in Westminster—were poor affairs, owing to the explosive having been placed outside in the street and in small quantity. The quantity was small, doubtless, because it was all a man could carry without attracting notice, and because a large quantity would be liable to concussions or other accidents which would convert the patriot carrying it into vapor.

What the dynamite party now need is resolute men, willing to sacrifice themselves in the cause of liberty. Their explosives have apparently nearly reached perfection; all that is now wanting is people to touch them off who

do not object to being blown up themselves. Such men could carry dynamite anywhere. They could rush into the Houses of Parliament or into the Home Office, with their pockets full of it, before any one suspected or could stop them, and apply the match or electric spark, or whatever it is, the minute a policeman touched them; and the result would be a vacant lot on which St. Stephen's once stood. In other words, the great difficulty in the way of the dynamite reform is the old one, which has always stood in the way of so much evil and so much good—the unwillingness of men to face certain death. Men willing to run great risks abound everywhere. Volunteers for the most desperate forlorn hope can always be had for the asking, but to get them there must always be a chance that at least one man will escape. The dynamite war, if carried on effectively, would offer no such chance. Anybody who goes into a basement with a can of nitro-glycerine and personally superintends its operation as a liberator of the oppressed, is sure not to see the fruits of his toil. The Russian Nihilists are apparently not far from being able to command the services of such desperadoes, but they are only possible under a régime of such extreme repression as exists in Russia. In countries in which speech is free, such types rarely show themselves, no matter how great the popular discontent may be. It is silent or secret brooding which produces the real political fanatic or martyr. When the malecontent can publicly fume, and rave, and threaten, as he does in England and France and in this country, he hardly ever makes up his mind to much personal sacrifice in the cause. He enjoys talking to the reporters, and being described and pointed out as the implacable enemy of kings and capitalists, too much to be willing to quit a world in which notoriety can be had so cheaply.

The promptness with which Sir William Harcourt's Explosives Bill was passed in Parliament, the cheers with which it was greeted, and the rapidity with which it obtained the royal assent, show how deeply the public mind has been stirred not simply by the explosion at Westminster, but by the discoveries of the police at Birmingham. It was certainly high time for some such legislation, as the previous penalty for keeping or preparing explosives without a license was only two years' imprisonment, and was intended merely to be a preventive of accidents. Michael Davitt has again raised his voice against the dynamite policy, but neither his protests nor those of Mr. Sullivan, or in fact of anybody in England or Ireland, seem to produce any impression on the Irish agitators here. As far as one can judge from their public expressions, they are highly delighted with the panic created by the conspirators in England, and we have no doubt this feeling exists among thousands of the Irish who would not join in the dynamite conspiracy, or give money for explosives. They like to see the English scared and made uncomfortable, especially if it can be done without loss of life or destruction of property; but they like to see it in any case, and believe that in this way the British public will eventually be prepared for the concession of Home Rule

or Irish independence. For the inconvenience, loss, suffering or danger which the dynamite policy may entail on the Irish in England, of course they care nothing.

Another split is impending in the French Ministry, which appears to be the result of getting General Thibaudin into it. His appearance on the scene as Minister of War, after his conduct in 1871, was a national disgrace, but this was not all. His breaking his parole, and the excuse he gave for it—that his "patriotic blood boiled"—showed him to be a good deal of a demagogue, and with much capacity for giving trouble. He has, accordingly, apparently been more occupied since his accession to office with pursuing the Orleanist Princes than with improving the discipline or organization of the Army, and has, in fact, apparently made himself the organ in the Cabinet of the extreme Radicals in the Chambers, to whom, like our Stalwarts, the first and greatest political interest is the expulsion from office of everybody who does not agree with them. General Thibaudin's success in getting the Orleanists put on the retired list has emboldened him into making an attack on the Marquis de Gallifet, who is, and with more reason, another great object of Radical dislike. Gallifet is not simply the best cavalry officer in France, but by far the best—probably the only one who can manoeuvre cavalry on a great scale; and if war broke out to-morrow would be simply invaluable in the present dearth of military talent in France. But he was an Imperialist, though he cares very little for politics, and—which makes him most obnoxious to the Paris Reds—was very prominent and remorseless in putting down the Commune. He shot hundreds whom he caught in arms, and made himself terrible to the Belleville people. They therefore hate him with a deadly hatred, and their hatred, working upwards, takes in the Chamber the form of a strong desire to get him out of the Army, or, at all events, out of high command. But it is clear that if this chase after prominent military men is continued, a profound dislike and distrust of the Republic is likely to spread through the Army. The frequency with which these dissensions break out among the Ministry shows the difficulty of making what may be called "scratch" Cabinets—that is, Cabinets composed not of men long accustomed to act together, but of such materials as may on any given day happen to come to hand.

The malcontents in Jamaica appear to have succeeded so far as to secure the removal of the Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave, who is to be sent to Queensland. But they have lost the last shred of popular government. The people had some representatives in the Governor's Council who, when the recent difficulties began, tried to paralyze him by absenting themselves. An Order in Council of the Home Government now provides that any three official members of the Governor's Council may legislate on all matters without the presence of any elected members. As Sir Anthony Musgrave goes to a post bringing less salary, it looks as if the change carried with it some disapproval; but Jamaica is probably more highly paid

than Queensland, both because it is a Crown Colony and because the climate is bad.

The swiftness of English justice, especially in murder cases, has long been an object of envy and admiration on this side of the water to those who think that punishment, to be effective, should be prompt. It is not often that in England more than two months elapse between the capture of a murderer and his execution, if convicted. Sometimes he is hanged within a month of his capture, and within a fortnight of his conviction. With us it is difficult to get a murderer hanged within two years of his capture. He often has a longer day than this even, and but very rarely a shorter one. He seldom goes to the gallows without at least two formal trials, for he always appeals on some point of law, if convicted. The appeal, if it does nothing else for him, prolongs his life, and for this reason alone his lawyer always advises it. There are, however, a good many chances that the delay will make a second trial abortive, or secure, at the worst, a commutation of his sentence. Within a year, important witnesses may die, and, even if they do not, the mere flight of time diminishes the popular indignation over the crime and the popular desire for vengeance, and in this way disposes the minds of the jurymen toward clemency. After a year or two, also, Governors become less stern, and the number of influential persons ready to sign petitions for commutation greatly increases. In other words, delay is very apt to transfer a considerable share of the popular pity from the murdered man and his family to the murderer and his family. It is to the uncertainty thus created in nearly every State in the Union that we owe much of the alarming frequency of homicide, and the steady increase of unpunished homicide, and the growing readiness to resort to the pistol and knife, which is now the disgrace of our civilization.

In England there is no appeal in criminal cases, unless the judge thinks the points raised by the defence worthy of consideration by the full bench. In that case he "reserves" them, and they are argued before several judges, and, if sustained, a new trial is ordered. But a point has to be a very strong one indeed, and one from which the prisoner has really suffered some damage, to procure its reservation in this way, and the consequence is that it is but seldom that the prisoner can get to the court above. The feeling, however, that appeal ought not to be a privilege dependent on the consent of the judge who tries the case, has been growing for some years, and has at last led to the introduction of a bill into the House of Commons, which has now reached its second reading, giving criminals in capital cases an appeal as a matter of right. It is not, and cannot be, alleged that the judge's discretion has often been abused, and the swiftness of justice in such cases is generally recognized as most valuable to the community. But the humanitarian sentiment of the day will no longer allow any man's chance of life to be dependent on the opinions of a single judge, whose temper may have been roused against him by contact with him during the trial.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

[WEDNESDAY, April 4, to THURSDAY, April 10, 1883,
inclusive.]
DOMESTIC.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR on Wednesday nominated Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, to be Postmaster-General. The nomination was a general surprise, and has met with warm approbation from many sources. Mr. Gresham was born in Indiana, in 1833. He was an aggressive Union man in the Legislature of that State at the outbreak of the war. In the army his career was brilliant and his promotion rapid. He was brevetted Major-General in 1864 for gallant services. He resumed the practice of law after the war, and in 1869 was made United States District Judge for Indiana, and holds that position at the present time. In 1872 he sympathized with the Liberal movement. In 1880 he favored Grant for a third term, but afterward warmly supported Garfield, who would have given him a place in his Cabinet but for local jealousies.

About noon on Thursday President Arthur, with Secretary Chandler, Private Secretary Phillips, and a New York friend started from Washington in a special car for Florida. He arrived at Orlando, Fla., on Monday, and that evening took a boat from Kissimmee City for an island, where he will engage in fishing.

United States Treasurer Wyman has promoted Thomas E. Rodgers, financial bookkeeper in the Redemption Division, to be Superintendent of that division, in place of E. O. Graves, promoted to be Assistant Treasurer. This appointment is a recognition of civil service principles by Mr. Wyman. Mr. Rodgers entered the service, almost unknown, as a subordinate clerk. He speedily developed remarkable skill at figures and good organizing ability, and has lately been eminent as chief financial bookkeeper.

Mr. Richard Crowley, of New York, has resigned his position as special assistant counsel for the United States in the prosecution of alleged election-fraud cases in South Carolina. The resignation is said to be connected with a recent heavy bill presented by Mr. Crowley for special services as Government attorney, which was cut down by Attorney-General Brewster. Another report is that he has quarrelled with President Arthur.

Lieutenant Raymond P. Rodgers, United States Navy, who was directed by Rear-Admiral Cooper, commanding the North Atlantic Station, to pass over the line of the Panama Canal and examine its general plans, its conditions, and prospects, has made his report. He believes that there can no longer be any doubt of the intention of the company to carry out their project; that it can be accomplished for the amount estimated, \$120,000,000, but will probably cost more, and will not be finished for several years after the contemplated date—1888.

The *Jeannette* Court of Inquiry reconvened on Friday morning, and it was announced that thirty-five questions had been received from Dr. Collins in regard to the treatment of his brother. Fireman Bartlett testified that Mr. Collins was treated with all due respect by the officers and crew of the *Jeannette*. He had heard him say that he (Collins) was prevented from saving his papers when the ship was lost. Nothing damaging to the officers of the ship was elicited from the witness.

Consul Taintor, at Liège, has sent to the State Department at Washington a very remarkable report on adulterations of American goods and of German products in Germany and Austria. He asserts that nearly all articles exported from Germany are adulterated, and American petroleum is subjected to a similar process.

General Crook will make an aggressive campaign in Arizona, with a view of carrying out Secretary Teller's idea of wiping out Juh's troublesome band of Indians.

Brigadier-General Joseph K. Barnes, retired, Surgeon-General of the Army from 1864 to 1882, died at his residence in Washington on Thursday. He was one of President Garfield's physicians, and the constant attendance told upon his health.

In the Star-route trial on Wednesday, Harvey M. Vaile, one of the defendants, was called to the witness-stand, and examined by his counsel, Mr. Henkle. He testified as to his relations with Miner, Peck, and John Dorsey. The witness denied, positively, the whole conversation at the National Hotel, as described by Riddell. Vaile was cross-examined on Thursday, and explained that he was magnanimous to Miner, because he did not wish to crush him, and that he did not wish to take advantage of the Government. John Dorsey, brother of the ex Senator, testified on Friday. John R. Miner, another of the defendants, testified on Monday and Tuesday.

Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, will soon go to Europe for a health trip. There are speculations as to whether he will be called upon to resign his Senatorship for a seat in the Cabinet on his return.

The Everhart Anti-Free-Pass Bill finally passed the Pennsylvania Senate on Wednesday.

There was an unusually heavy vote in the Rhode Island State election on Wednesday—Sprague, the Independent Democratic candidate, was badly defeated, the plurality of Bourn, Republican, being about 2,800. The Republican strength in the new General Assembly will be about the same as last year.

After two years' agitation of the temperance question the Ohio Legislature has agreed on two amendments to the Constitution to be submitted to the people, either of which may be adopted or rejected. The one provides for the regulation of the liquor traffic by the Legislature, its power to levy taxes being unlimited. The other absolutely prohibits the manufacture of or traffic in intoxicating liquors.

At Albany, on Wednesday, an important caucus of Republican Assemblymen was held. They resolved to make a party question of the New York charter, and oppose it in its latest phase. Similar action was taken in regard to the primary-election bills applicable to the State and city. The proposed constitutional amendment, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, met its death in the Assembly on that day. The Judiciary Committee, having held it as long as its introducer, Mr. Page, thought proper, he moved to discharge that Committee from its consideration in order to bring it into Committee of the Whole. A motion was made to lay it on the table, which was carried by a vote of 53 to 39, only three Republicans voting in the affirmative. The bill making the time of New York the standard time throughout the State was lost. The Senate agreed to adverse reports on several prison bills, showing their disposition to permit no disturbance of the existing prison laws. In executive session, on Thursday, the Senate confirmed the nomination of Isaac G. Perry for Capitol Commissioner. There was only one negative vote. A bill was introduced in the Senate on that day to prevent any attempt to represent any being recognized as a divinity in the Bible by any show, play, or dramatic representation, under penalty of a fine of from \$500 to \$2,000, or imprisonment for not less than six months nor more than one year. It has been favorably reported, and passed to a third reading. In the Assembly on Thursday the Sunday-Law amendments to the Penal Code were passed by a vote of 87 to 14. They prohibit all shooting, hunting, fishing, horse-racing, gaming, or other public sports on the first day of the week. The fact that the more influential Democrats see that it will not do to pass the New York charter amendments in the shape in which John Kelly and his Tammany allies agreed to them, was shown in the Assembly on

Thursday evening, when the bill was recommitted by a vote of 48 to 45. The Anti-Free-Pass Bill was laid to rest on Friday, when it was adversely reported in the Senate. On Monday evening Governor Cleveland sent to the Assembly a veto of the bill to oust the present Republican Fire Commissioners in Buffalo, and substitute Democrats. This act has created great indignation among the Democratic partisans of that city. There was a spirited debate on the Civil-Service Bill in the Assembly on the same evening.

Petitions containing the names of about one thousand leading business and professional men of New York city have been presented in the Assembly by Messrs. Miller and Roosevelt, and in the Senate a large number more by Mr. Pitts, asking for the passage of the bill to regulate and improve the civil service of the State.

Peter Cooper, the venerable philanthropist, who completed his ninety-second year on February 12, died at 3 o'clock on Wednesday morning at the house of his son-in-law, Abram S. Hewitt, in this city. He had contracted a cold which seemed of little importance, and on Saturday, March 31, he drove to Cooper Institute. His cold grew worse that evening, and on Sunday, April 1, pneumonia set in. On Tuesday morning it appeared that he had little chance of life, and he was fully convinced of it himself. He spoke freely of what should be done after his death, chiefly in regard to the interests of Cooper Institute, expressing the wish that his plans for it be fully carried out. He retained consciousness to within a short time of his death, cheerfully bidding his friends good-by. His remarkable career cannot be summarized in a paragraph, but a mention must be made of his chief benefaction—Cooper Institute—on which \$1,549,192 has been expended. The announcement of his death called forth tributes of respect from many sources, and flags all over the city were put at half-mast. At 9 o'clock on Saturday morning the body was taken to All Souls' Church, where it lay in state, and was viewed by multitudes until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the funeral services were held. The Rev. Robert Collyer delivered the principal address. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby. At 4 o'clock the body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery, and placed in a receiving-vault. A private burial will take place at some early date.

Ex-President Diaz, of Mexico, was entertained by General Grant at dinner on Wednesday night. On Thursday the Produce Exchange of this city gave him a reception. He was in Boston on Monday and Tuesday.

At Greenville, Texas, the End Hotel, a three-story brick building, fell with a terrible crash at midnight on Saturday. Thirteen persons were buried in the ruins, of whom all but one were killed. The ruins took fire.

Nearly three hundred Mormons, who reject polygamy, under the leadership of Joseph Smith, jr., opened services at the old Mormon Temple in Kirtland, O., on Friday.

FOREIGN.

Startling discoveries were made in England and Ireland during the week of widespread Irish plots to wage a dynamite campaign. A semi-weekly London newspaper, the *City Press*, on Wednesday announced that it had received a letter, without signature, threatening to blow up the Government offices. The affair was referred to the police. Late that night a man was arrested in Fleet Street, having been followed from Birmingham, who had in his possession at his lodgings a box of explosives. The arrest was regarded as very important. Precautions were immediately taken to guard the public buildings, and extra sentinels were posted at Windsor Castle. Considerable excitement ensued in business circles, and it was reported that the whole conspiracy in Great Britain and America was to be exposed. On Thursday nearly half a ton of

nitro-glycerine was seized in London. It was ascertained that the man arrested in Fleet Street had first given his name at his lodgings as Ormund, stating that he was a medical student. Subsequently, he said that his name was Norman. The box of explosives had been obtained from the Birmingham factory mentioned in the following paragraph. Rubber bags, containing nitro-glycerine, were found in Norman's quarters. It is alleged that he is of respectable birth, and that he is the innocent agent of an American named Fletcher.

Another alarming incident of the day was the discovery, by the Birmingham police, in Ladywood, of a Fenian nitro-glycerine factory in full operation. The apparatus for preparing and mixing the explosive compounds was constructed on scientific principles. It was ascertained that the premises had been rented two months ago by a man named Whitehead, an Irish-American, who hung out a paper-hanger's sign. He was arrested when the descent on the place was made. He is described as twenty-five years of age, and has a marked American accent. A considerable quantity of nitro-glycerine was seized, and the detectives believe that the place was the central manufactory of explosives and depot of infernal machines in the kingdom.

The arrest of Norman led to the arrest on Thursday, in Lambeth, a London suburb, of two other men. The first inquiry for Norman's lodgings had been made by an elderly man; subsequently a person who looked like a tramp took a box of explosives there. It is believed that these two men were arrested at Lambeth. Their names are Wilson and Gallagher, and papers were found upon the latter connecting him with Whitehead. His portmanteau was packed with explosives similar to those found in Norman's lodgings. Evidence is forthcoming that all the persons arrested are connected with the Invincibles.

A fourth arrest was made in London on Thursday night of a young man named Henry Dalton, who had arrived from the United States in February. He was an occasional caller at the American Reading Room, and his arrest was owing to papers found on the other prisoners. It is believed that he is an emissary of the dynamite faction in America. He is also suspected of being the perpetrator of the recent explosion at the Local Government Board in Westminster.

The four prisoners were arraigned in the Bow Street Police Court on Friday, charged with having in their possession, with felonious intent, explosive material. They were all remanded without bail. A communication was received at a London police station on Friday that a large quantity of dynamite had been consigned from Liverpool to an address in London.

On Saturday a man named John Kerton was arrested at a railway station in London for connection with the conspiracy. On the same day the Glasgow police arrested a man named Bernard Gallagher, charged with causing the recent explosion at the gas works in that city. He is a brother of the man of the same name arrested at Lambeth.

A man named Ansburgh was arrested in London on Sunday, near Waterloo Bridge. Communications found on Gallagher and Norman connect him with the conspiracy. It is believed that seventy or eighty persons are concerned in the plot. It is said that the Birmingham police have certain evidence that Whitehead and the London prisoners were implicated in the recent outrages in that city. On Monday it was rumored that four more arrests had been made in London. On the same day letters threatening to blow up the Liverpool Post-office were received, and thirty additional detectives were put on duty there, and the fire brigade warned to be ready for any emergency. Additional precautions were taken in Dublin on Tuesday for the protection of the officers of the court trying the Phoenix Park murderers.

Increased excitement was created in Government circles on Thursday afternoon, when the report came from Newry, Ireland, where are situated large Government infantry barracks, that the sentinel guarding the powder magazine had on the previous night challenged a man who was discovered scaling the wall. He fired a shot and gave the alarm, but the search was fruitless.

A large number of Fenian documents have been discovered at Salford, England, and have been forwarded to Sir William Harcourt, Home Secretary. The papers include letters from members of Parliament.

Michael Davitt has written a letter from his prison in Ireland, to the Young Ireland Society of Glasgow, in which he says that the dynamite policy can only have the effect of exasperating the English Democracy.

On Monday Sir William Harcourt introduced a bill in the House of Commons relating to explosives. It provides that the maximum penalty for causing an explosion by which life or property is imperilled shall be lifelong servitude. An attempt to cause an explosion, or the making or keeping of explosives with intent to cause an explosion, is made punishable by imprisonment for a term of twenty years, and the unlawful making or keeping of explosives under suspicious circumstances is to be punishable by fourteen years' imprisonment. All accessories to such crimes are to be treated as principals. Provision is made in the bill for the ordering of official inquiries into the crimes specified, for the arrest of absconding witnesses, and for searching for explosives. The penalties are to be inflicted irrespective of the damage done by the explosives. The bill was with all haste passed and sent to the House of Lords, where it was agreed to without delay. The royal assent was given to the bill on Tuesday, and it became a law.

The men charged with the Phoenix Park (Dublin) murders were brought into court in that city on Monday, under a strong guard. The Grand Jury was sworn; it retired and soon returned with a true bill against Joe Brady, charging him with the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish. He was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Curley, Kelly, Thomas Caffrey, and Fitzharris were next each arraigned separately. They each pleaded not guilty. All were held for trial.

At the trial of the prisoners charged with the Phoenix Park murders in Dublin, a photograph of a man named Tynan, recently alluded to by the name of "Tyner," will be produced. This photograph has been identified by James Carey and three other persons as that of "Number One."

In the House of Commons on Thursday Mr. Hugh C. Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer, laid before the House the budget for the fiscal year ending March 31, 1883. The revenue was £89,004,000. This exceeded the estimate by £4,069,000. He said the expenditures had been £88,906,000, showing a surplus of £98,000. The expenses of the war in Egypt, including the amount contributed to defray the cost of the Indian contingent, were £3,896,000. For the coming year he estimated that the expenditure would be £85,789,000. The national debt was reduced the past year by about £7,100,000, and he expected to make a further reduction this year of about £8,000,000. He expected to see the debt reduced during the next twenty years by £172,000,000. He estimated that the coming year would bring the Government a revenue of £88,480,000, giving a surplus of £2,691,000. Mr. Childers proposed that the tax on railway earnings, where the fares were small in amount, be abolished, and the standard moisture of tobacco and snuff on which exemption was allowed be raised 1 per cent.; that a provision be made looking toward the reduction of the rate for telegrams to 6d. each; that 1½d. of the income tax be removed.

In the House of Lords on Monday, in the case of Clarke against Bradlaugh, Lord High Chancellor Selborne declared that Mr. Clarke, as a common informer, was unable to sue Mr. Bradlaugh for sitting and voting in the House of Commons without taking the oath of allegiance. The judgment against Mr. Bradlaugh was therefore reversed with costs.

The complete recovery of Queen Victoria from the injuries to her knee is less rapid than her physicians had hoped, but she is making progress.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's health causes his friends in England some anxiety. Since his return from America he has been unable to perform his usual quantity of work.

Trouble has arisen in the French Cabinet. At a recent council M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Minister of the Interior, refused to have published in the *Official Journal* a note the effect of which would have been to deprive General de Gallifet of the command of the cavalry. This was the measure of General Thibaudin, Minister of War, and it is said that he threatened to resign. The dispute grew out of the aversion of extreme Republicans to Gallifet and other leaders who took part in the suppression of the Commune. It is generally understood in Paris that a compromise by which the question of cavalry manoeuvres was allowed to drop in the Cabinet, is merely to be considered as a postponement of a rupture in that body until the Chamber meets in the latter part of this month.

On Friday night a dynamite cartridge was exploded in the tower of a chateau near Montcaules Mines, France, doing little damage. The London arrests have created considerable uneasiness in Paris.

Louis Veuillot, the French author, and editor of the *Paris Univers*, the leading journal of the advanced French Catholics, died in Paris on Saturday.

The new pier at Nice, France, was burned on Wednesday. The loss is \$1,000,000.

A secret Congress of German Socialists was held in Copenhagen last week. On the fourth day of its session it was suddenly broken up by the Prefect of Police. Four of its number, members of the German Reichstag, were arrested at Kiel, and their papers confiscated. They were afterward released.

It was reported on Thursday that a large mine had been discovered in Moscow, connecting with the Kremlin, where the Czar is to be crowned. An official denial was published in St. Petersburg on Friday.

It is asserted in a Roman newspaper that the Governments of Italy and Austria have given their assent and affixed their signatures to a treaty, by the terms of which each empire guarantees to the other complete integrity of territory. Although Germany is not directly and by signature a party to this treaty, the document contains a clause in which it is mentioned that her approval has been given.

The Supreme Tribunal in Leipzig has confirmed the decision of the lower court and acquitted Professor Mommsen, member of the Reichstag, of the charge of libelling Prince Bismarck.

The National Theatre at Berlin was burned on Wednesday afternoon. There was no loss of life.

Baron Wertheim, the wealthiest manufacturer of Austria, died on Wednesday.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill permitting the substitution of affirmation for the oath when desired.

There have been serious riots among the canal workmen in Panama, originating in race hatred between the Jamaicans and Caribbeans. About twenty of the former have been massacred.

The revolutionists under Alfaro continue to be successful in Ecuador.

PRACTICAL MORAL TRAINING.

No one can have seen or read of the funeral of Peter Cooper on Saturday without being struck by the impression which his career has made on the minds of the younger generation. There has been no such funeral in this city in our time. No such tribute has been paid to a man who never held high political office, and never made any mark in war, or in literature, or in art, or in science. Nor did he owe this to the fact that he was a successful business man, shrewd, enterprising, inventive, prudent, who never made a great mistake, never failed to meet all his liabilities, tried many things and succeeded in all, and, while never speculating, was never left behind in the race of industrial progress. This and other cities have produced many men as skilful in making money as he was—men, too, who owed as little to fortune or extraneous advantages as he did, but who, when they died, got no honor from anybody but their own family and personal dependents or old business associates. What made his death a public event and his funeral a great public occasion, was not only the fact that he devoted so much of his fortune and his energy to the service of his fellow-men, but also to that other fact, of so much importance in our time, which Mr. Collyer described in his admirable address by saying, "Here lies a man who never owned a dollar he could not take up to the Great White Throne." In other words, Peter Cooper was honored because he was a man who had contrived, not for a brief season, but through a very long life, not in one enterprise, but in many, to unite the highest integrity with the highest success, and who had at every step used his success, as far as it went, to make the world an easier and happier abode for such of his fellow-men as he could reach.

All this has, however, been dwelt on in a thousand pulpits and newspapers within the last few days. The point we would here make prominent, and which we could wish had been more frequently touched upon, is the extent to which the honors paid during his life not only to such a man as Peter Cooper, but to every man, are an educating influence for those who are just beginning life. One of the oddest and most persistent delusions of our time is, that the moral training of the young is done or can be done mainly through books and sermons, or, in other words, through direct addresses to the understanding. What makes this delusion all the odder is that everybody knows it to be a delusion by his own experience. Everybody knows in his own case that nothing, apart from hereditary influences, has had so large a part in the formation of his character as the associations and examples of his youth, and, above all, as the careers of those, both in public and private, whom he was taught to admire by seeing his parents and employers and neighbors honoring them. This is so true that one can tell almost with certainty what kind of men any given generation will produce by seeing the kind of men it was taught to applaud and imitate in its childhood.

The lesson of this for the merchants and bankers and preachers and teachers and

writers and parents of our time, who are groaning so terribly and with so much reason over the decline of commercial morals—over the frauds and defalcations and embezzlements which have during the last twenty-five years done so much to discredit many American investments, and, what is far worse, to discredit the American name—is that if they wish to have honest clerks and cashiers and bookkeepers, it is not enough to stand uncovered while the story of a long and stainless life like Peter Cooper's is read. To make their admiration of such men as he prove a really fortifying influence to the character of the young, they must refrain from adulterating it by going home and bestowing before all the world precisely the same marks of respect they used to bestow on Peter Cooper on men whose lives are, in every respect but success in money-making, the exact opposite of his; who have accumulated great fortunes by means which he would have loathed; who have used them, not, as he did his, to open paths of usefulness to the poor and helpless, but to work the impoverishment and confusion of their neighbors at home, and the disgrace of their country abroad. They cannot afford to act toward any man in such a way as to produce the impression that there was nothing greater in Peter Cooper's career than his having got hold of a good deal of money and having kept it till he died. For this reason they cannot afford to have it go forth that there is a statute of limitations in the forum of morals, and that everybody who has contrived to outlive his rascalities without losing his booty, ought, to all outward seeming, to be as welcome to their hearts and homes as Peter Cooper, who never let a dishonored dollar into his safe, or spent one hour in corrupting his countrymen or bringing their institutions into contempt.

A good many people who ought to know better think they can consult their own interests by treating successful knaves as Peter Coopers, on the sly, as it were, without letting their young men see the full significance of it; or that they can neutralize any harm that may flow from it by a discourse of unusual vigor on honesty as the best policy, in the church on the following Sunday. But there never was a greater mistake. The young men do not blurt out their impressions about the doings of their elders in the counting-houses, or write them to the Sunday papers, and are perhaps not always conscious of them themselves. But it would hardly be possible for Satan himself to present to them a spectacle better calculated to sap silently the very foundations of character, than bestowing on men of acknowledged and notorious baseness social honors and rewards which they have done nothing to deserve except having, in trying times, successfully escaped the proper legal consequences of their misdeeds. That "no man can serve God and mammon" is a saying of more meaning than some people like to suppose. One of the truths it conveys is, that you must not give to the lucky knave the welcome and the applause which you owe only to him who has all his life long given every man his due, and so used what was his own that his neighbor never had any reason to complain.

THE PROTECTION OF TESTATORS.

THE Michigan Legislature has under consideration a bill designed to remedy an evil felt more or less everywhere, but nowhere so much as in this State and city, viz., speculative attacks on the wills of rich men. The measure does not change the existing law with regard to wills, but adds to it a provision that any one who desires to do so may present his will to the circuit or probate judge of the county in which he lives, together with a petition declaring that it was duly executed by the petitioner, that he was of sound mind and memory, and not subject to any undue influence, and praying that it be allowed. He is at the same time to furnish a list of all persons who would be interested in his estate as heirs. A day is then to be appointed for hearing the petition, which the heirs may oppose if they choose. At the hearing the judge is to inquire into the testamentary capacity of the testator, examine any witnesses that may be produced, and if it appears that he is in a fit condition of mind to dispose of his property, is to make a decree establishing the will, which shall be final and conclusive as to the question of testamentary capacity. The contents of the will are not required to be made known.

The opportunity for breaking wills, or instituting proceedings to break them with a view to a "compromise," arises almost altogether from the fact that, at the time when the inquiry into the validity of a will begins, the testator is dead. In nine cases out of ten, so long as he is in the flesh not a whisper is heard as to his sanity. His prospective heirs, far from thinking him unfit to manage his property—and no one who can do this is unfit to make a will—are only too glad to have him go on buying and selling, making contracts, executing deeds, carrying on his business, whatever it may be. The richer he grows, the brighter the future looks for them; and while he is accumulating his money an attempt to deprive him of the power of making a will would usually be regarded in all quarters as mere folly. No jury or court in New York, for instance, could have been got to listen very long to arguments to show that the late Mr. Vanderbilt was incapable of making a will. Yet when he is once dead, the testator is at a decided disadvantage. His daily life was, while it lasted, the best possible proof of his sanity; but, now that he is out of the way, it is comparatively easy for unscrupulous relatives to get up a picture of his existence which is calculated to raise a doubt, and a doubt is enough as a basis for a will contest. All men have peculiarities and eccentricities, and rich men are no exception to this rule; where the man is not alive to explain his acts, nothing is easier than to exaggerate, and distort, and color these until they wear a very dark look. Alienists are called in to give their opinion on the case as presented by the side which employs them, and an alienist retained in this way generally finds what he looks for.

The practice of contesting wills is a growth of the last fifty years, and it was at one time greatly stimulated by the condition of the law

which allowed the contestants to pay the expense of the contest out of the estate, whether they were successful or not. Our Legislature has put an end to this, and contestants have to pay their own way like other litigants. Courts and juries, too, are nowadays less inclined to believe in "insanity" than they were a generation ago. But even with these drawbacks, "striking" the estates of rich men is still a very attractive field for speculation among rascally lawyers, who can greatly embarrass the settlement of them, and thus get themselves and their clients bought off.

Under these circumstances, why should not a man be allowed, as proposed by the Michigan bill, to establish his own testamentary capacity, or, in other words, sanity, during his lifetime? The time when he makes his will is the time at which the evidence on the subject is most accessible; and if all those who could by any possibility be interested in disputing it are allowed an opportunity of doing so, no unfairness seems to be possible. Of course, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there would be no opposition, for relatives who did not know the contents of the will would be very chary of making the testator their enemy by disputing his sanity. But then his sanity is not dependent on his manner of disposing of his property, and the opinion of an heir who did not know how it was to be left would be far better worth having than that either of a legatee or of persons "cut off with a shilling." Under the present system, we invariably find that the testimony that the testator was a shrewd, clear-headed man of business always comes from those who get his money; the evidence to the contrary is always that of those who are left out of the will.

In one respect, however, the Michigan bill appears to be impracticable. The question of "undue influence" cannot be properly inquired into as long as the contents of the will are unknown. Undue influence is always exerted by a beneficiary under the will, and without knowing its contents an heir cannot possibly form any opinion as to whether or by whom such influence has been exerted. This is a different matter from that of testamentary capacity.

THE CRISIS IN NORWAY.

A CONSTITUTIONAL conflict of great magnitude and violence has been agitating the Norwegian nation for years, and seems at this moment to be approaching a crisis. The Constitution of the kingdom is the most democratic ever introduced in a monarchical state. It was framed in the spring of 1814, under the auspices of the Crown Prince of Denmark, with the aim of securing the adhesion of the Norwegian people to his scheme of establishing himself on the throne of an independent Norway, at the moment when Bernadotte, then Crown Prince of Sweden, was preparing to invade and occupy the country by right of the Treaty of Kiel, which he had forced the King of Denmark to sign at the beginning of the same year. England and Russia had promised Norway to Sweden as a reward for the latter's services against Napoleon and his staunch ally, Denmark, which

was thus to be stripped of a province ruled by the Danish sceptre for centuries. In order to secure the aid of the sturdy yeomanry of Norway in a desperate attempt to save for a Prince of Denmark what the Danish crown had lost, the Constitution then improvised was made as attractive to the rural population as possible. But the attempt of the Danish Crown Prince failed. He was elected King of Norway, but was unable to defend his throne against Bernadotte, and was forced to resign and return to Denmark. The Constitution, however, survived. The King of Sweden, acknowledged by the Norwegians as King of Norway, accepted it, and since November 4, 1814, it has been the law of the land.

The most striking feature of the Constitution is clause 79, limiting the royal veto. This is declared to be only suspensive, and bills passed by three successive Storthings, or Diets, each of which is elected for three years, are to have the force of law, even if the royal sanction is still withheld from them. Thus the democratic legislature is made all but sovereign, the Crown being able to check legislation deemed obnoxious only for a limited number of years. This power of passing its resolutions over the King's veto the Storting made use of, in 1821, for the abolition of nobility, decreeing it after vetoes in preceding years. And were there no clause conflicting with or qualifying this fulness of legislative power, the right of the people to abrogate by law—that is, through a resolution passed by simple majorities in three successive Storthings—even the connection with Sweden under a common dynasty, and royalty itself, and thus turn Norway into an independent republic, would be uncontested. And such an act would be the less improbable as the national legislature consists in reality only of one house, though the Storting, after assembling, divides itself into two branches—the Lagthing and the Odelsting—the former comprising an elected fourth of the members, and the latter the remaining bulk.

Clause 112, however—the last clause of the Constitution—places the legal aspect of affairs in a different or at least a dubious light. It enacts that when experience shall have demonstrated the necessity of changing a part of the Constitution itself, the amendment shall be proposed in the Storting then assembled, and decided upon by the following Assembly. "Such a change, however, must never be contrary to the principles of this fundamental law; it can have no object but such modifications of particular regulations as do not alter the spirit of this Constitution; and two-thirds of the Storting must be in accord on such a change." The King's veto power is not alluded to in this clause, which lacks precision in many respects. And it is the indefiniteness and obscurity of this brief and important paragraph which has given rise to the violent contest now taking place between the Storting and the Norwegian Government of King Oscar II. This monarch is less popular in the western of the two realms united under his sceptre than any of the successors of Bernadotte, whose sword created their union in 1814, and whose dynasty succeeded to the Vasas of Sweden in 1818. The higher and wealthier classes of the Nor-

wegian people, and especially the mercantile population of the capital, Christiania, have often sided with the Ministers—the "State Councillors"—of the Crown on questions of policy or prerogative; but the peasantry, whose representatives form a large majority in the Storting, have always been jealously hostile to the rights and claims of the dynasty which was imposed upon them by force, and long contention has ripened a spirit of opposition avowedly republican. The poet Björnson is one of the leaders in this new movement.

In 1874 the Storting passed a resolution compelling the State Councillors to appear at its sittings, which the Constitution neither bound nor entitled them to do. As this was done with the intention of more closely subjecting them to the sway of the Legislature, the King vetoed the resolution. In 1877 the Storting passed it again by an increased majority, and the King again refused to sanction it. On March 17, 1880, the resolution was carried by a still larger vote, and on June 9 the Government was notified by the Storting that its decision, though unapproved by the King, had become a law. Oscar II., however, who had come over from Stockholm to Christiania to compromise matters, but had failed to obtain for his sanction the concession of the right to dissolve the Storting, declared, on the advice of his Cabinet, that the resolution of March 17 was a constitutional change, which could not be effected without his approval, and, being unsanctioned, his Government would not promulgate it. A few days later the session of the Storting was closed without a speech from the throne. The excitement was so great that the Government was compelled to use military precautions, which were also needed on account of workmen's agitation. Another complication added fuel to the strife. The Storting, before dissolving, appointed a commission on military matters, which was to remain in permanency till the next legislative session. The Government denied the right of the Storting thus to prolong its activity, and appointed a military commission of its own to replace the other. The Storting commission, however, went on with its work. Sverdrup, the President of the Storting and leader of the Opposition, received popular ovations. Both sides persisted in asserting their right.

The organs of the Government maintained and still maintain that the resolution compelling the attendance of the State Councillors at the sittings of the Storting is one falling within the category of constitutional changes; that the King (though this is not expressly stated in the fundamental law) naturally possesses a veto on all measures contemplating an amendment of the Constitution, and that this implied veto must be an absolute, and not merely a suspensive one, for otherwise the whole structure of the kingdom would be subject to a total overthrow by a resolution more easily passed than a law of the least importance. The champions of absolute popular sovereignty, on the other hand, assert that no veto can be claimed which is not expressly granted, and that the nation possesses the same right to amend and also entirely to reconstruct its fundamental charter which it exercised in originally framing it—the requis-

tion of two Storthings and of a two-thirds majority in the second of them being a sufficient safeguard against precipitate and inconsiderate action. Between these two extreme views the Law Faculty of the University of Christiania, when applied to by the Government for an expression of opinion on the controversy, took a middle ground, guardedly declaring that the King certainly had the right of veto in the special case before it; that is to say, as to the general question, that clause 112 impliedly gave the sovereign the right to reject amendments of the Constitution deemed by him in conflict with its spirit and general principles. That the framers of the Constitution did not contemplate the right of the Storthing alone to undo their work at pleasure lies in the nature of things, and will hardly be doubted by any unbiassed student of history; but whether they meant to leave the decision as to what is contrary to the spirit of the charter to the King is a matter of fair controversy. Unfortunately, they neither clearly vested this right in him nor created a tribunal—like our Supreme Court—to decide, in cases of conflict, between him and the legislative power.

The great constitutional conflict has constantly grown more and more violent. That partisan fury has not yet led to an appeal to force is mainly attributable to the expectation on each side that the results of the general elections for a new Storthing would compel the opposite side to yield. The elections took place at the close of 1882, and the result was a triumph of the popular party, in spite of strenuous efforts made by the friends of the Government to win over the wealthier portions of the peasantry. And scarcely was the new Storthing assembled, in February last, when the leaders of the Opposition hastened to force an issue by initiating measures for the impeachment of the State Council, or Ministry, mainly on the ground of its having violated the Constitution by not promulgating a law passed by three successive Storthings, and by its action in the affair of the military commission. That such an impeachment was not decided upon at an earlier stage of the conflict was owing to the uncertainty which prevailed concerning the political complexion of the mixed court before which the accused functionaries would have to appear. This court is to be composed of the members of the Supreme Tribunal of the realm, a conservative body, and of those of the Lagthing, or smaller branch of the Storthing; and the accused have the right to object to the presence of one-third of the judges thus constitutionally designated for their trial. But the present complexion of the Storthing renders it certain that even if only members of the Lagthing should be excluded, and all the members of the Supreme Tribunal should vote for the Government, there would still be a majority for condemnation. The leaders of the democratic party have grasped this favorable opportunity with passionate eagerness, and the country—and no doubt all Scandinavia—looks with intense anxiety for the development of the momentous political drama now opening.

CAN A GIRL BE A DUDE?

WE have received from several correspondents and subscribers inquiries suggested by our recent article on the Dude, and among others one which, in the present condition of society and the two sexes, seems of more than common interest—viz., whether there is any reason to expect the development among girls of a type analogous to the Dude among men. The possibility of the development of girl Dudes, either by natural selection, or by artificial means, is a serious matter, whether we look at it from the point of view of the Dude, or from that of the girl; and in the interest of both we shall endeavor to give the question an impartial examination.

Male Dudes are, by temperament and disposition, conservative, and on this account might be inclined to look with disfavor upon any attempt on the part of girls at such an encroachment on their sphere; but their feeling about the matter is by no means conclusive, for conservatives oppose every new opening which women endeavor to make for themselves. It is against the opposition of conservatives that they have forced their way into the universities, the bar, the press, the lyceum, and the pulpit, and there is not an argument which can be advanced against preparation for the career of girl Dudes that cannot be urged against these other occupations. Dr. Dix, to be sure, insists that the true sphere of the girl is home, and her sole proper career that of wife and mother, and it must be admitted that a mother of a family could hardly be a Dude; but then everybody is not so consistent and logical as Dr. Dix, and besides, the Doctor in his Lenten lectures did not consider the Dude question at all. The propensity of the "society girl" for pure "cussedness" was what the Doctor undertook to expose, and he handled the subject in such a way as to make it clear to any girl not absolutely steeped in crime that there is really no place like home; but the girl as a criminal we must leave to clergymen and the State Charities Aid Association. What we are interested in is a purely social problem.

Admitting, then, that if a girl wants to be a Dude, the dislike of the Dudes to the experiment would constitute with fair-minded people no valid reason for preventing her, it remains to be considered whether there is anything in the nature of the occupation itself which specially fits or unfits girls for the task.

In one sense there is something girlish about every true Dude, and at the same time something of the Dude about every true girl. They are both primarily interested in dress, as developed and regulated by fashion and as displayed in public places, and this too in much the same way; and it is a curious and interesting proof of this that the tall hat in the hands, or rather on the head, of the Dude is becoming a feature in male costume quite as important as the bonnet ever was with women. Another point which should not be overlooked is, that for many years girls have been consciously imitating male fashions in dress, and, while conservatives have been showing the folly of their trying to vie with men, have actually adopted men's clothes, and now wear, and for a long time have

worn, the male ulster, the male cut-throat collar, the heavy male boot, and at least one variety of male hat. To a certain degree clothes have ceased to be a discriminating mark of sex, and caricaturists in the comic papers frequently raise a laugh by representing the likeness as likely to cause a confusion in the mind of the beholder. A travelling girl, provided with what is called a "pot hat," and carrying what is known to the journalist as a "grip-sack" and a silver-handled umbrella, is, in the distance, of doubtful sex. This development of the dress of girls, going on under our very eyes, has been, curiously enough, overlooked by those who have given the closest attention to the woman question.

Externally considered, therefore, there are a good many reasons for regarding girl Dudes as a possible future social type; but it will not do to limit our inquiry in this way. The capacity for the career of a Dude is not altogether a question of costume; it is dependent to a certain extent upon moral and intellectual considerations, and, inquiring into the aptitude of girls for a new sphere, the moral and intellectual tendencies of the occupation must not be neglected.

Now, the American girl has secured her present social position as the manager of society by the display of brilliant qualities of head and heart. In other countries society has been managed by married people much in their own interest. If the American girl has prevented this class from having much to do with it, it has been by her superior energy, resource, endurance, and audacity. These are the qualities which in all countries and in all ages have produced success in every field of activity; and if society has, with us, passed into the control of girls—if they have to a great extent emancipated themselves from their primitive subjection to parents and chaperons, and now manage society according to their own notions of what is their due—we may be sure that this is owing to their fitness for the task. But the rise in importance and interest of the girl in the modern world has, it must be confessed, been attended by corresponding changes in the other sex. As the girl has become more and more energetic, more and more self-reliant, as she has taken the initiative more and more, and driven her father and mother more and more into the social background, the opportunity for the development of shy, shrinking traits of character, of quiet, modest reserve, has necessarily fallen more and more to men. This has greatly helped the Dude, for it enables him to make himself attractive to daring and high-spirited girls by those very qualities which used to be regarded as contributing so much to produce feminine charm. The girl, as she has become more and more conscious of her own power, has felt the need in the opposite sex of something different from herself—something milder, softer, more gentle, quiet, and dependent. She has often to seem hard and worldly, for otherwise society could not be carried on by her, but she is really fond of other and better things. For these she looks to man. Intellect, vigor, enterprise, she finds in her own sex. The ineffable charm of quiet refinement and repose society must get elsewhere. The demand has created the supply, and produced already great modifica-

cations in the male social type. The Dude caricatures this tendency, but in the existing condition of society the part taken by him would seem to be one which girls could hardly assume without abandoning many of the advantages which make their position so proud, independent, and commanding.

MORE IRISH TROUBLES.

LONDON, March 22, 1883.

THE first session of the present Parliamentary session, that which has just closed at the beginning of the Easter vacation, has been singularly barren. Such appetite for useful work as the legislators brought with them to the House of Commons on February 15 was dulled by the tedious debate on the Address to the Crown, which lasted for a fortnight, and the few Government nights since then have been almost wholly occupied by a discussion of the supplementary estimates for the financial year that is now ending. With the exception of a spirited debate on South African affairs (which I will not describe in this letter because it has been adjourned till after Easter), the discussions raised by private members have lacked interest.

Two events have, however, taken place of more than passing importance, both of them bringing to the front that irrepressible Irish difficulty which is still the foremost subject in men's minds. The first of these was the complaint made by the Parnellite members that no means were being taken by the Government to deal with the distress, amounting almost to famine, which is alleged to exist in parts of the West of Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant, it was urged, ought to relax the rules which prohibit Poor-Law guardians from granting out-door relief; and public works ought to be started on a scale large enough to give employment to the starving people. To these demands the Irish Government has replied by denying that the distress is exceptionally serious, and by declaring that the best way to aggravate it and prevent the poor from recovering from their depressed state would be to extend state help, in the form either of work provided for the purpose or of laxly distributed poor-law relief. As to the bad effects of out-door relief, the opinion of our trained economists is unanimous. They would gladly abolish it altogether, both in England and Scotland, compelling every one who asks for public relief to take it in the workhouse; and they hold that the one thing which has saved Ireland from falling into the abyss of perennial pauperism is the strict application of the workhouse test. Hence English opinion, even among those who go furthest in their sympathy with Ireland, has supported Lord Spencer in this matter; and the unmeasured denunciations of him which the Nationalists indulge in have made English readers think less than ever of their judgment or their fairness.

These denunciations had hardly died away when Mr. Parnell introduced his bill for the amendment of the Land Act of 1881. That measure, as your readers will remember, was strenuously opposed by the Tory party in the House of Commons, and was largely modified in the House of Lords. It passed in a shape so unwelcome to the Parnellite members that they declared it must prove a failure, and tried to make it so, while the tenant-right Protestants of Ulster were far from being satisfied with it. It has now been in operation for a year and a half, and among the flaws discovered in it four are particularly complained of. The first is that it does not include all kinds of landed property and all species of tenants, and in particular that it excludes leaseholders, who were as much entitled to protection as yearly tenants. The

second is that its operation is so slow, arising from the enormous number of applications made to it, that half the tenants who have sought to have their rents reduced are still paying the old rent because the Land Courts have not yet been able to attend to them. The next is that sufficient allowance has not been made for the tenants' improvements in fixing the rent. The intention of the Government and of the Parliamentary majority was, it is said, that a tenant should not pay rent upon his improvements; in other words, that their value should be previously deducted before the fair rental for the farm was estimated. This intention has been defeated by a decision given by the Irish courts on the construction of the Act, and accordingly the tenants are being required to pay a higher rent than either they or Parliament expected. Lastly, the scheme for enabling the tenants to purchase, by the aid of state loans, the land which they cultivate, has produced little result. A very small number of applications have been made under the clause containing this provision; in point of fact, the number of peasant proprietors is not increasing. A bill to remedy these four defects in the Land Act, together with others of less interest, was brought in by Mr. Parnell, and much curiosity was felt to see how Mr. Gladstone would receive this attempt to improve the largest measure he had ever carried, the child of his old age, the piece of work in whose success as a means of conciliating Ireland he is so intensely interested.

Though he returned from Cannes at the beginning of March, he had delivered no considerable speech, and rumors were spread that he was feeble in health and likely soon to retire from power. His speech on Mr. Parnell's bill gave no countenance to such rumors. Though he has become thinner within the last few months, and has now the sunken face and weaker presence of an old man, he looks healthy, his voice is full and firm, and his mental powers certainly show no sign of decline. In manner and delivery, in clearness, precision, and measured skill of statement and argument, the speech was one of his best. But it gave more satisfaction to the Tories than to his own followers, for it was a steady refusal to open up the land question afresh, even so far as to remedy such defects in the Act of 1881 as had been shown to exist. He based this refusal on the difficulty of finding time for handling the question—partly because legislation for England and Scotland was so much in arrear, owing to the demands made from Ireland during the two preceding sessions; partly because any bill dealing with Irish land would be sure to be used as a battleground both by the Tories, who would like to reverse the action of 1881, and by the Parnellites, who would try to force Parliament much further. It was thus, he said, impossible for the Government to undertake itself to settle the question, while Mr. Parnell's bill was much too sweeping in its changes to obtain his support. This firmness pleased the moderate Liberals, who are always grumbling at the Government for its readiness to make "concessions to agitation," and elicited unusual cheers from the Conservative benches. The Irish Nationalists were neither surprised nor annoyed. They knew that nothing the Government would give would satisfy their own constituents, and therefore preferred it should, by giving nothing, make their vantage ground of grievance a stronger one. The Ulster Liberals, however, a section small in number—they count but nine members in the House of Commons—but important as representing the only part of Ireland where the population is heartily and actively loyal to the connection with Great Britain, were mortified. The Ulster tenant farmers have in-

sisted on an amendment of the Act of 1881 just as strongly as Mr. Parnell does, and may, it is feared, fall away from the Government if their wishes are not gratified, and it would appear that a considerable section of the English and Scotch Liberals feels with them.

For some time past there have been signs of a division of opinion on Irish topics in the Liberal party, which may, when Mr. Gladstone no longer holds it together, lead to a serious schism. One view is that enough, if not too much, has been done for Ireland in the meantime; that what she needs is a firm and strict administration of the law; that concessions on the land question would only encourage agitation, while to concede a more popular system of local government, or a more extended franchise, would only give the party of rebellion and anarchy wider opportunities of troubling the country. Lord Hartington, who would succeed Mr. Gladstone if the latter were to retire, is supposed to hold this view; it would probably be that of Lord Derby, Sir William Harcourt, and some other members of the Cabinet; it is the general view of the London press, and of Liberals as well as Tories among the upper and professional classes. In an extreme form it finds frequent expression in the *Times*. On the other hand, there are Liberals who argue that, so long as Ireland needs reforms, Parliament must go on legislating for her, and that however loud the calls of England and Scotland, England and Scotland must be content to forego much of the time they would be entitled to in order to let Irish questions be settled. It was not much use, they say, to make the great concessions of the Land Act unless you are prepared to complete the work by other measures. Even if the Irish abuse the larger amount of local self-government it is proposed to give them, it is better they should govern themselves worse than that others should govern them better.

The very day after the debate in Parliament on Mr. Parnell's bill had brought these old questions back to the minds of politicians, the explosion at the office of the Local Government Board, startling the country like nothing else since the Phoenix Park murders, summoned every one once more to consider what is to be done with Ireland. It was all but universally assumed that the deed was perpetrated by Fenians, for, though Socialists and Free thinkers have been suggested, neither of these insignificant sections has ever given any overt sign of a tendency to crimes of violence. There was less excitement, less passion, than might have been expected, partly perhaps because no one was killed or even seriously hurt—a remarkable thing in a crowded city. But the effect has been to strengthen in a marked manner the first of the two types of view which I have been describing, and to dishearten the friends of Ireland. Several organs seized on the fact that Mr. Gladstone's refusal to amend the Land Act had been declared the day before, and represented the explosion as the answer of Ireland to his words. Far-fetched as this was, since it is plain that the plan for injuring the public offices must have been conceived long before, and was probably executed by people who knew or cared very little what took place in Parliament, the coincidence made some impression on men's minds. It was in vain to answer that the dynamite men had nothing to do with Mr. Parnell and his friends, were not only unconnected with them, but probably hostile to them, glad to discredit them and to interrupt anything in the nature of constitutional agitation. People came back to the idea that Irish violence was not being appeased by conciliatory measures, and that nothing but severity would crush it down. When it was urged that Mr.

Parnell could no more be made responsible for the acts of desperate ruffians than the Progressist party in Germany for the attempt of Nodel to murder the Emperor, they answered that he had never denounced crime with sufficient energy, nor separated himself conspicuously enough from O'Donovan Rossa and the American-Irish press, which has preached the gospel of explosion all through.

However, there has been at bottom a feeling that till something more is known about the planners of this outrage, it is unfair to visit it on the people or any popular leader. If nothing else of the same kind happens soon, it will hardly affect the policy of the Government. But if other acts of violence take place in England, and especially if lives are lost, there may come an outburst of anger such as has not been yet witnessed, and which will destroy for the present all prospects of conciliation. The reported attack on Lady Florence Dixie was at first regarded as another instance of Irish outrage. But now most people think that whatever foundation there may be for the published story, it has nothing at all to do either with Ireland or the Land League, and those who assumed such an origin for the attempt are a little ashamed of their precipitancy. Still, the position is strained and painful; and we watch every morning's news with as much anxiety as curiosity. Y.

THE LATE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

LONDON, March 26, 1883.

THE legal profession in America takes so much interest in the bench and bar of England that there are probably many among your readers who will wish to hear something about a legal luminary of such exceptional brilliance as the one whom we have just lost, Sir George Jessel, for ten years Master of the Rolls. Here in England even the general public, which seldom realizes or cares about the personality of a judge, had got to know and value him, so that his death, long before the usual term of judicial activity, is felt as a national misfortune.

He is only one among many instances we have lately had of men of Jewish origin climbing to the highest distinction, but is the first instance of a person who, adhering to the creed of his forefathers, received a very high office; for Mr. Disraeli, as every one knows, had been baptized as a boy, and always professed to be a Christian. Jessel's career was not marked by any remarkable incidents. He rose pretty quickly to eminence at the bar, being in this aided by his birth; for the Jews in London as elsewhere hold together, and take a natural pleasure in pushing forward any specially able co-religionist. His powers were more fully seen and appreciated when he became a Queen's Counsel, and brought him with unusual speed to the front rank. He entered Parliament at the general election of 1868 as a Liberal, and three years later was made Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's first Government, retaining, of course, his private practice, which had become so large that there was scarcely any case of first-rate importance brought into the Chancery Courts in which he did not appear. Although a pretty decided Liberal, as the Jews mostly were until Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy began to lead them into other paths, he had never taken any active part in politics till he took his seat in the House of Commons; and when he spoke there, he obtained no great success. Lawyers in the English Parliament are under the double disadvantage of having had less leisure than most other members to study and follow political questions, and of having contracted a manner and style of speaking not suited to an assembly which, though deliberative, is impatient.

Jessel's ability would probably have overcome the former difficulty, but less easily the latter. Though he was easy and powerful in his treatment of legal topics, he was never popular with the House of Commons, for he presented his views in a hard, dry, dogmatic form, with no graces of style or delivery. However, he did not long remain in that arena, but on the retirement of Lord Romilly from the office of Master of the Rolls, was appointed to succeed him in 1873. Here his extraordinary gifts found at last their proper sphere. The Equity Judges in England sit without a jury to hear cases, with or without witnesses, and deal with a great deal of the heaviest business that is brought into the courts. Commercial causes of the first importance come before them, no less than those which relate to trusts or to real property; and the granting of injunctions, a specially serious matter, rests in their hands. Each Equity Judge sits alone, and the suitor may choose before which of them he will bring his case. Among the four—since raised to five—Equity Judges of first instance, Jessel immediately rose to the highest reputation, so that most of the heavy and difficult cases were brought into his court. He possessed a wonderfully quick, as well as powerful, mind, which got to the kernel of a matter while other people were still hammering at the shell, and which applied legal principles just as swiftly and surely as it mastered a group of complicated facts.

The Rolls Court used to present, while he presided over it, a curious and interesting sight, which led young counsel to frequent it, who had no business to do there, for the mere sake of watching the Judge. When the leading counsel for the plaintiff was opening his case, Jessel listened quietly for the first two minutes only, and then began to address questions to the counsel, at first so as to guide his remarks in a particular direction, then so as to stop his course altogether and turn his address into a series of answers to the Judge's interrogatories. When, by a short dialogue of this kind, Jessel had possessed himself of the vital facts, he turned to the leading counsel for the defendant, and asked him whether he admitted such and such facts alleged by the plaintiff to be true. If they were admitted, he indicated his view of the law, and, by a few more questions to the counsel on the one side or the other, as the case might be, elicited their respective legal grounds of contention. If the facts were not admitted, it of course became necessary to call the witnesses or read the affidavits—processes which the vigorous impatience of the Judge considerably shortened. But more generally his searching questions and the sort of pressure he applied so cut down the issues of fact, that there was little or nothing to adduce evidence about, and then he proceeded to deliver his opinion and dispose of the case. It was, all through, far less an argument and counter-argument by counsel than an investigation by the Judge, in which the only function of the counsel was to answer the Judge's questions concisely and exactly, so that he might as soon as possible reach the bottom of the matter. The bar in a little while got to learn and adapt themselves to his ways, and few complained of being stopped or interrupted by him, because his interruptions, unlike those of most judges, were never inopportune or confusing. The best counsel felt themselves his inferiors, and recognized not only that he was better able to handle the case than they were, but that the way they presented their facts or arguments would make very little difference to the result, because his penetration was sure to discover the merits of each contention, and no pertinacity or eloquence would have the slightest influence on his resolute and self-confident mind. It is not wonderful

that in this way business was despatched before him with unexampled speed, and that it became a maxim among barristers that, however low down in the cause-list at the Rolls your case might stand, it was never safe to be away from the court, so rapidly were cases "broken down" or "crumpled up" under the strokes of this vigorous intellect. What was more surprising was, that the suitors and the public generally acquiesced, after the first few months, in this way of doing business. Nothing breeds more discontent than haste and recklessness in a judge; but Jessel's speed was not haste. He did as much justice in a day as others in a week; and those who, dissatisfied with these rapid methods, tried to reverse his decision before the Court of Appeal, were very seldom successful, although that court then contained in Lord Justice James and Lord Justice Mellish two very strong men, who would not have feared to differ even from the redoubtable Master of the Rolls.

In dealing with facts Jessel has never had a superior, and in our days, perhaps, no rival. In his treatment of the law, every one admitted and admired both very wide and accurate learning and an extremely acute and exact appreciation of principles, a complete power of extracting them from past cases and fitting them to the case in hand. His strength made him bold; he went further than most judges in readiness to carry a principle somewhat beyond any decided case, and to overrule an authority which he did not respect. The fault charged on him was his tendency, characteristic of the Hebrew mind, to take a somewhat hard and dry view of a legal principle, overlooking its more delicate shades, and, in the interpretation of statutes or documents, to adhere too strictly to the letter, to the neglect of the spirit. As an eminent lawyer said: "If all judges had been like Jessel, there would have been no equity." In this respect he may be deemed inferior to a great living ex-Judge, Lord Cairns—Lord Chancellor in the Beaconsfield Government—who unites to a very wide and accurate knowledge of the law a grasp of principles even more broad and philosophical than Jessel's was. In spite, however, of this defect, the judgments of the Master of the Rolls, which fill so many pages of the English Law Reports during the last ten years, are among the best that have ever gone to build up the fabric of the English law. They were usually delivered on the spur of the moment, after the conclusion of the arguments, or of so much of the arguments as he allowed counsel to deliver; but they have all the merits of carefully-considered utterances, so clear and direct is their style, so concisely as well as cogently are the authorities discussed and the grounds of decision stated. The bold and sweeping character which often belongs to them makes them more instructive as well as more agreeable reading than the judgments of most modern judges, whose common fault is a timidity which tries to escape, by dwelling on details, from the enunciation of a definite general principle.

At the bar, Jessel had been far from popular; for his manners were unpolished, and his conduct toward other counsel overbearing. On the bench he improved greatly, and became liked as well as respected. There was a sort of rough bonhomie about him, and in particular a good-humored wish to deal gently with juniors; there was also an obvious anxiety to do justice, and a readiness, remarkable in so strong-willed a man, to hear what could be said against his own opinion, and to reconsider it. Besides, a profession is always proud of any one whose talents adorn it, and whose eminence seems to be communicated to the whole body.

Two years ago the office of Master of the Rolls,

which had been, since ever the Chancery became a law court, under the earlier Plantagenet kings, that of a judge of first instance, was changed in its character, and attached to the Court of Appeal. Thus it was as an appellate judge that Jessel latterly sat, giving no less satisfaction in that capacity than in his former one, and being indeed confessedly the strongest judicial intellect on the bench. Outside the profession, his chief interest was in the University of London, at which he had himself graduated. It is not, strictly speaking, a university, but merely a corporation empowered to grant degrees. He was a member of its senate, and took much interest in its examinations, as well as in the affairs of the four inns of court, of one of which, Lincoln's Inn, he served as treasurer, being up till the last excessively fond of work, and finding that of a judge who sits for five or six hours daily insufficient to satisfy his appetite. He was not what would be called a cultivated man, although he knew a great deal beyond the field of law—mathematics, for instance, and botany—for he had been brought up in an unrefined circle, and had been absorbed in legal work during the best years of his life. But his was an intelligence of extraordinary power and flexibility, eminently practical, as the Jews generally are, and yet so powerful as to be also truly scientific. And he was also one of those strong natures who make themselves disliked while they are fighting their way to the top, but grow more genial and more tolerant when they have won what they sought, and see that others admit their preëminence. The immense services which he rendered as a judge illustrate not only the advantage of throwing open all places to all comers—the bigotry of the last century excluded the Jews from judicial office altogether—but also the benefit of having a judge at least equal in ability to the best of those who practise before him. It was because he was so easily master in his court that the chief judicial business of the country was despatched with a swiftness and a success which we are not likely to see again. Y.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE SAND.—I.

PARIS, March 15, 1883.

THE fourth volume of the 'Correspondence of George Sand,' which has just appeared,* begins in 1854. She is at Nohant, with her two children, Solange and Maurice, gardening, as she says, with fury, five hours a day, writing novels and dramas the rest of the time, sending a letter one day to Barbès, who was a prisoner at Belle-Isle-en-Mer, and the next day to Prince Napoleon—the same who made such a stir two months ago by a placard at Paris. "My dear Prince," writes this ardent friend of the Republican and Socialist Barbès, "you ask me to write to you. I hardly dare, you must have so little time for reading. Here are two lines to tell you that I always love you, and that I think of you more than you think of me." This letter, sent to the Prince in Paris, was received by him at the camp of Jafeli, near Varna; the Crimean War had begun, and the Prince had the command of a division. "As for the issue which you desire," writes Madame Sand, "the resurrection of Poland, it will come perhaps fatally. . . . Adieu, dear Imperial Highness, always a citizen, and now more than ever, since you are now a soldier of France."

The Emperor Napoleon, who felt himself very strong, having become the ally of England, offered to pardon Barbès; but Barbès would not accept a pardon, and Madame Sand had on this subject a curious discussion with him. "Ac-

cept," she said, "whatever people may say. You will be forced to do so. Prisons do not take back voluntary victims." She goes so far as to advise him not to leave France. "No, don't do it. You are free, without any conditions. . . . Remain in France. . . . Stay with us; people become smaller in foreign lands. They do not see right; they become bitter; they become ungrateful toward their native country." She begs him to come and see her. She begins to theorize:

"Some actions are fine, and some are good. Charity can even shut the mouth of honor. I do not speak of true honor, of the honor which is kept in the closet of conscience, but of visible and brilliant honor, of honor which has become a work of art and an historic glory. This kind of honor, like the honor of the heart, has got possession of your existence. You have already become an historical figure, and you represent, in our days, the type of the hero, lost in our sad society. Let me, however," she adds, "defend charity—that wholly religious virtue, wholly interior, wholly secret, of which history will not speak. . . . In my opinion, charity screamed to you: 'Remain, and don't speak; accept this pardon; your chivalrous pride rivets chains and tightens dungeon bolts; it condemns to perpetual exile the proscribed of December; it condemns to misery, to a fearful misery, many whole families. Ah! you have lived in your strength and in your sanctity, and you have not seen the women and the children weep. In the cruel party to which we belong, one blames the fathers of families who ask to come back and to gain bread for their children; it is odious.'"

Here Madame Sand becomes herself; she is a woman. But why did she not preach charity before as well as after? Why did she flatter the passions of the multitude? Why did she rouse the anger of the workingmen? Who sent those unfortunate and ignorant fathers of families to the barricades of February, 1848, and of June, 1848? Who said to the populace: "You are great; you are sublime; you are the true, the only master"? The mischief was done, even before the *Coup d'État* of December. Hundreds of Republicans had been sent into exile, not by Napoleon III., but by the Republic of 1848. Still, we cannot wonder if Madame Sand, seeing the Second Empire established, tried as much as she could to help the proscribed and the prisoners. Her pride had fallen. She did not speak any more as she did in the "Bulletin of the Republic"; she abused the "ferocious" politicians: "They demand that all their brethren should be saints! Have they the right to do so? You, perhaps, had such a right! but can anybody have it? I never felt that I had myself; I have helped as many as possible to come in or to come out. To come in—those whom exile would have killed; to go out—those who by staying would have gone to their ruin. . . . I do not despise the men who are neither heroes nor saints. It would be necessary to despise too many, and myself among the rest, as I could never harden myself before the sight of suffering." She speaks to this vain Barbès almost in the tone of the 'Imitation of Christ': "I am not sure that those who have sacrificed their activity, their career, their political future, even their reputation, have not been, in some circumstances, the true saints and the true martyrs."

In 1855, Madame Sand lost her granddaughter, the child of Solange, who was married to the sculptor Clésinger. This marriage was not a fortunate one. Madame Sand did not like her son-in-law, but had a very great affection for Solange and her child. She always felt the necessity of theorizing, even over her own sufferings, and she plunged into a work of the Saint-Simonian, Jean Reynaud, in order to find arguments in favor of the immortality of the soul.

She left some time afterward for Rome. Curiously enough, she does not seem to have much liked the city of ruins—the city of the

soul, as Byron called it. "It is fine, it is interesting, it is astonishing; but it is too dead, and one ought to know by heart not only the famous book, 'Rome au siècle d'Auguste,' but also the history of Rome at every epoch of her existence. . . . There was a time, under the Empire, when people sat on a broken column and meditated on the ruins of Palmyra [an allusion to the 'Ruins' of Volney]. It was the fashion—everybody meditated. Now people prefer to live." She complains of the dirt and filth of Rome; she does not even like the Campagna: "The Campagna of Rome, which has been so praised, is truly of a singular immensity, but so flat, so naked, so deserted, so monotonous, so sad!" She enjoys the mountains, the hills of Frascati. She remained some time at Frascati with Maurice, who was convalescent, enjoying the flowers, the rivulets, the cascades, the old and monstrous trees, the ruins, the broken statues, the mosaics, the galleries, the endless staircases—all those vestiges of the wealth of the ancient Romans, placed before a great panorama of mountains and of plains. This great Campagna of Rome appears from the hills of Frascati like a sea surrounded by mountains. She spent Easter at Rome, and received the famous benediction, "urbi et orbi," but she did not admire the *mise-en-scène*. "The French taste," she says, "is wanting in everything—in this as in all other things." She did not feel the seductive power of Italy. "Too many things here are not in harmony with our ways of seeing and of feeling; it is well to have seen them, however, if only to make us love all the more our France with her gray sky, where the men, even though not what they ought to be, are more manly than anywhere else." Maurice, who was an entomologist and a botanist, was perfectly happy; he was also an artist, and made many sketches. Madame Sand writes on the 9th of May from Spezia; in July she was back again at Nohant.

"The Marriage de Victorine" is the only play of Madame Sand's which has been adopted in what is called the *repertoire* of the French Theatre. It is truly charming, played, as it is now, by Mlle. Barretta. It was intended to be a sequel to Sedaine's "Le Philosophe sans le savoir," one of the good plays of the end of the last century. Madame Sand writes on the subject to Jules Janin:

"I hate the bourgeois so little that I have adopted in the 'Marriage de Victorine' the *donnée* of Sedaine concerning M. Vanderke, who, being a nobleman, made himself a merchant, and who found in his work, in his liberality, in his probity, in his wisdom, in his modesty, the humble and true glory of a character which Sedaine summed up in one word, 'philosophe sans le savoir.' In the same piece, the wife, the daughter, the son of Vanderke are loving, sincere, and good creatures. I have changed nothing in the types of the master, and I have developed the type of Antoine, the business man, the friend of the house, the *petit bourgeois*, who is a model of disinterestedness and of fidelity. Then I have created the type of Fulgence, another *petit bourgeois*, a mere clerk. . . . The 'Marriage de Victorine' is, therefore, a piece set in the midst of the bourgeoisie, and a modest but sincere apotheosis of the virtues of this class, when it understands and practises its true duties."

In this letter to Jules Janin she compares the old bourgeoisie, counting every night the modest profits of work and of trade, with the great bourgeoisie of our day, which lives on the profits of speculation, on chance. "There is no longer any question, in order to build a fortune, of working patiently and daily, of having the virtues of trade or the inspirations of art; you must understand the mechanism of banks, the calculations of chance; you must play boldly; you must know that gambling has become the soul of our modern society." We find her in

* George Sand, Correspondance, 1812-1876. Paris: Calmann Lévy. New York: F. W. Christern.

correspondence with Alexander Dumas, *fils*, who compliments her on one of her plays, "Favilla" (in "Favilla" Madame Sand brings together an artist and a bourgeois who dislikes art and artists). She compliments him on his "Demi-Monde." She regrets that the virtuous girl of the "Demi-Monde" should be so little before the public, after having been so well presented to it, and that the bad woman, the *Baronne d'Ange*, true as she is to life, should be the absorbing character of the play. "I know well," she says, "that having made the 'Dame aux Camélias' so interesting, you wanted to show the reverse of the medal. Art needs those impartial studies and those contrasts which exist in life; so I make no criticism. I esteem you the first of our dramatists in the new manner, the new style, as your father was the first in the style of yesterday. I belong to the style of the day before yesterday, or of the day after to-morrow. I don't know, and don't care: I amuse myself." She became more and more enamored of the theatre, but she was not practical; as she says, she wrote her plays too much to amuse herself, for herself, without taking into account the necessities of the stage. She arranged Shakspeare's "As You Like It" for the Théâtre-Français; she wrote "Françoise" and a number of other pieces. They are now all forgotten, except the "Mariage de Victorine" and "Françoise le Champi."

Madame Sand worked too hard; she had much to forget, and work was her only way of forgetting. She felt tired at times: "I long always for absence; absence, for me, is the little corner where I could repose, away from all business, all visits, all domestic trouble, all responsibility for my own existence. It is what I found for three weeks, last year, at Frascati—for a week at Spezia. Would to Heaven I might find it again for six months anywhere, under a soft sky and amid picturesque scenery—a modest dream, but which floats before me for ten years before I can realize it."

Madame Sand was not such a bitter enemy of the Second Empire that she could not write to the Empress Eugénie in a style which would have the approval of the *Court Circular*. Asking for a *bourse* for the grandson of an actress, Madame Dorval, she said: "It will be one benefit more in the precious life of your Majesty. . . . This sacred title of mother, which heaven has sanctified in your Majesty. . . . The gracious protection which your Majesty extends over all artists. . . ." It is all in this style. The Empress immediately did what Madame Sand asked her to do, and Madame Sand thanked her in the same courtly manner. This would not be worth noting if it was not an indication of a kind of political abdication on the part of Madame Sand. She had given up the game; the passions of 1848 had become quite extinct. She even enjoyed to a certain extent a state of things which humbled the upper classes, and which had flatteries for the peasant and for the workingman. She did not say so openly—there was still in her something of the old spirit; but she was not what was then called "irreconcilable." She sympathized fully with Prince Napoleon, who was, like herself, an uneasy spirit, half Prince and half democrat—a "César déclassé," as About called him in a curious article on the Salon at which Flandrin exhibited his admirable portrait of the nephew of Napoleon. When she heard of the attempt of Orsini, she writes: "I make no wishes for the shade of Orsini & Co." She writes to Prince Napoleon, March 12, 1858, thanking him for some act of kindness toward one of her friends: "You are an angel; that is certain." She always calls him "Dear Imperial Highness." She tells him: "If anything ought to console you, it is the

thought that you will be beloved and appreciated by all who are still worth something." She tried to save some of the men who were exiled after Orsini's attempt, and interested Prince Napoleon in their cause. She played the part of a protector of the oppressed under the Empire, but this part imposed on her a certain sort of familiarity, and even of sympathy, with the Empire itself. She blamed many things; she did not call for a revolution.

Correspondence.

THE ACQUISITION OF OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not know that the following will throw any light on the origin of our title to Oregon, discussed in the *Nation* of last week, but it may be worth recording as a personal reminiscence.

Some time, I think, in the year 1845, I dined with Mr. John Quincy Adams, at his house in Quincy, and the conversation after dinner fell upon the circumstances of the treaty with Spain in 1819. I suppose it was the annexation of Texas, just then effected—or in discussion—that led the talk that way. In deciding the case of Florida, it was agreed that the boundary of the Louisiana purchase toward Mexico should be finally settled. The French and Spanish ministers were consulted, but neither of them had any definite notion on the subject. Spain claimed, by right of conquest, indefinitely north from Mexico, up to the North Pole. France claimed, by right of discovery, indefinitely west from the Mississippi, as far as the Pacific Ocean. Neither seemed to know anything about the region in question, or to care much about it. Both were evidently rather tired of the business, and inclined to take up with any reasonable proposal. A map of the country was lying on the table, and Mr. Adams, taking a ruler, drew a pencil-line from the Pacific coast on the parallel of 42°—the latitude of the southern boundary of Massachusetts and New York—as far as the Red River, proposing then to follow down that stream to a certain point, from which a line should be run due south to the Sabine. This was at once accepted by all parties, with evident relief, and remained our boundary till 1845.

In making this proposal, I understood that Mr. Adams had two points in view: the first, and most important, was to give this country an undisputed claim upon the Pacific, where peaceable enlargement of our boundaries was sure to follow in due time. He expressed, in fact, entire confidence that the United States would come eventually to occupy the whole continent, from the arctic zone to the Isthmus of Darien. The other object was to hold the line of occupation for an indefinite time well to the north, to prevent Southern and slaveholding occupancy, and especially (as I infer), by excluding Texas, to keep at a good distance from Mexico, and discourage such raids in future as those of Aaron Burr. Whether, by shifting his ruler a few degrees, he could have given us California, New Mexico, and Texas then and there, without the war of 1847, but with a longer lease to slavery, is not quite clear; but apparently it might have been so.

J. H. ALLEN.

ITHACA, N. Y., April 5, 1883.

BLIND GUIDES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your columns attention has been called to the custom of retitling, ante-dating, and post-dating books, uncut leaves, and other

matters of interest to book-buyers. I should like to speak a word for the unlearned on a similar topic. They are frequently, to their sorrow and loss, led astray in buying books by the thoughtless commendations of men whose reputations invite confidence. Undoubtedly a few sentences of praise, non-committal, perhaps, are useful in putting an end to the ceaseless pertinacity of agents. But distinguished scholars at such times should think not only of their own comfort, but of that large circle of readers who place reliance on their opinions.

Let me give a case in point. Last summer, a book on antiquities by unknown writers received a large sale throughout the country. The agents continually and effectively referred to the favorable words of well known scholars. For instance, Prof. W. S. Tyler, of Amherst, says it is "edited with a great degree of learning and judgment." Dr. Howard Crosby pronounces it "full of useful information derived from the best sources." Dr. Andrews, Professor of Greek in Madison University, is still more misleading: "It has evidently been prepared by the intelligent use of high authorities, and is marked, therefore, by an accuracy not often found in such compilations. In reading those parts of the book which treat of subjects pertaining to my own department, I have been gratified by the correctness of the work."

I came across the following instances of a "great degree of learning," pieces of useful information and examples of "accuracy," which, no doubt, would be not merely "useful," but most astounding "information" to the writers of these phrases. Among other things, we are told that the Laocoon group was "sculptured 3,000 years ago"; that the best authorities agree that Homer was born in the city of Melesigenes (!); that Socrates wrote the *Memorabilia*, or at least that part of it which details the dialogue between himself and Aristodemus; and that King Perseus fought Rome about 580 B.C. We are given a picture of an "altar 3,000 years old," yet it has a dedicatory inscription. If the inscription was later than the altar, it should have been noted by the learned and accurate editors. We are shown a "painting 2,600 years old" of an interior, but on the walls are inscriptions in Greek letters of the Roman period. On another page is the picture of a Hebrew MS. "Pentateuch, written 3,200 years ago." "It was the work of the great grandson of Aaron, as indicated." Does Dr. Crosby know of an older autograph than this? Again, the authors tell the reader that, to give him a correct idea of ancient style, they have translated from the old Greek some stories which are given just as they were written. Every one of these stories is taken from Rev. G. W. Cox's book, "Tales of Ancient Greece." Apart from the theft and lie, they do not give a correct idea of ancient style.

These are but specimens. But that book was praised by college presidents, professors of ancient literature, and clergymen of all denominations as an accurate and valuable work. Many who could ill spare the money were enticed by such apparently trustworthy criticisms to pay \$5 for a book whose comparative worthlessness cannot long remain concealed. Have not learned men a duty in such cases—a duty which, in this instance, certainly was not done?

B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., April 4.

WOMEN'S INTEREST IN POLITICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of your correspondents lately has stated that women do not take an interest in politics. But there is another side. Not knowing any one else quite so well, I will cite my

humble self as an instance, and there are probably plenty of others like me.

My education has been desultory. My entire life has been spent on a plantation, with the exception of perhaps three years spent at odd times in the North. I take a keen interest in everything, politics among others. I assure you, in all frankness, that I very rarely meet a man, either at home or in the North, who is as well "up" in general politics as myself. Although they will know perhaps one subject much more thoroughly, they will be totally ignorant of another. So much have I found this the case that I am ashamed of what I do know, and seek to conceal it, for men do not like to be found wanting; and only when excited in discussion do I sometimes betray myself. Then people stare at me as though I were a maniac, and say, "I did not know you took such an interest in politics," which instantly crushes me.

I form my opinions after reading our own paper, then the other side in the New York Times, then the Nation's views, almost always adopting the latter. My political opinions are certainly not formed by my relatives of the sterner sex, for I never agree with my father, and rarely with my brother, and we are constantly having the liveliest discussions. Neither do I always agree with you, dear Nation, though I have been a devoted reader of yours since quite a child—for instance, your views expressed in a late review of 'Emerson at Home and Abroad.'

I am equally fond of dancing (let me whisper it—of flirting), music, art, and a little philosophy, and would take a much deeper interest in all subjects if I knew what to do with my knowledge. So we girls will welcome the Annex to Harvard, or Columbia—in fact, an annex to everything that will give us a chance to improve ourselves; and you must help us all you can.

D.

LOUISIANA, March 28, 1882.

Notes.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in press 'Calumet of the Coteau, and Other Legends of the Western Border,' by P. W. Norris.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish immediately a new edition, carefully revised, of 'The Ancient Church: Its History, Doctrine, Worship, and Constitution,' traced from the first three hundred years, by W. D. Killen, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology in the Irish Assembly College. It will contain a preface by the Rev. Dr. John Hall.

Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Boston, have ready, as the American publishers, Vol. ii. of Halkett and Laing's 'Dictionary of the Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature of Great Britain.' Vol. iii., completing the work, will be ready in the autumn. It is both singular and sad that both the partners in this laborious enterprise should have died before their work could see the light in print.

The fifth volume in the elegant Parchment Edition of Shakspeare (D. Appleton & Co.) contains "Richard II.," and the first two parts of "King Henry IV."

A. C. Armstrong & Son have brought out a new and handsome reprint of the late Dean Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History,' carefully conformed to the last English edition, and including its fine colored maps of Egypt, the Sinai Peninsula, the Sinai range, and the Holy Land (in two divisions). This book, which, when first published in 1855, established its author's position in the foremost

rank of scholarly and yet popular writers on sacred subjects, and which has since gone through more than a score of editions, is not likely soon to lose its hold upon the public, in spite of the changes constantly wrought by geographical exploration and Biblical criticism in our conceptions of localities and events recorded in the Scripture narratives. The charm of the Dean's warm and vivid diction will long outweigh considerations of accuracy or completeness, in which the work may here and there be found wanting.

Mr. C. G. Bush's 'Our Choir: a Symphonie . . . Opus 1881' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) consists of a number of plates, combining text and illustration, reproduced in facsimile from the author's pen-drawings. The text, under such conditions, is apt to be hard to read; and here, such is the crudity of the versification, it becomes doubly trying. Mr. Bush's humor is undeniable, but his designs and lettering are sadly undecorative, and the result is an unlovely thing.

We have received Part 1 of 'The Humphreys Family in America,' by Frederick Humphreys, M.D., of this city, and several assistants. Although this pamphlet is of a size of page (7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches) unusual in such works, it seems to be a mere prelude to the history of the family. The part before us treats of various families in England named Humphrey or some similar name; even embracing those entitled Umfraville, although no blood relationship between them is conceivable. Some pages are given to the subject of heraldry, and at the close we light upon John Humfrey, one of the early magnates of Massachusetts. Thus far the prelude is monotonous and suggests nothing of the second part. When it arrives we may perhaps learn something about the Americans for whom this genealogy has been prepared, and pending that information we will not suggest that the present instalment is useless.

To their Bohn series the London publishers, George Bell & Sons, have just added a new edition of Lockhart's 'Life of Burns,' with annotations, an appendix, and a sketch of Lockhart himself by William Scott Douglas (New York: Scribner & Welford). The work thus revised is very considerably improved, and the new matter is as interesting as it is valuable. Part of it discusses the paternal ancestry of the poet, and another straightens out the bibliography of the Life, which, it appears, had a fifth but never a second edition. Mr. Douglas's style is not always as correct as Lockhart's, but he was otherwise well fitted to perfect this standard memorial of Burns.

B. Westermann & Co. send us the first half (A-K) of the third edition of 'Meyer's Hand-Lexikon,' a model of condensation and of typographical neatness. A special feature of this work is the insets, printed on a straw-colored paper, which supplement certain articles, as the chronological table of geographical discovery, the table of financial comparison between the German States and other European Powers, the table of German and Austro-Hungarian railroads; or explain a plate, as when annexed to the chart showing the earth's population, or to the representation of poisonous plants or noxious insects, or to the diagrams for mechanism like the steam-engine, the electric light, the telephone; or, finally, index a map with names of places alphabetized and located by latitude and longitude. Another excellent feature, if not novel, is the bibliography of the several subjects, which is fresh and intelligent. Thus Von Hoist's 'Calhoun' is referred to under that statesman (whose name, by the way, we are told to pronounce *Kalluhn*). Goethe has two columns on one page allowed him; Bismarck gets but one and a third columns, and even so

surpasses Frederick the Great. France gets eight and a half pages, Great Britain (with England and Ireland) considerably more. Under the various countries are useful reviews of the national literature. American topics are fairly well looked after. Mr. Conkling, by the only slip we have observed, is made a judge of the Supreme Court in spite of his refusal. The little space on the shelf occupied by all this information is not its least merit.

A "Commercial Calendar," showing the lowest and highest quotations per month, during 1882, for various railroad shares and bonds, staple products, exchange, silver, etc., in a brief compass, by means of a revolving disk, has been published by John C. Welch, No. 72 Beaver Street.

We have before us Bulletin No. 1 of the United States Geological Survey: 'On Hypersthene-andesite, and on Trichmic Pyroxene in Augitic Rocks,' by Whitman Cross. Mr. S. F. Emmons, geologist in charge of the division of the Rocky Mountains, in a preface vouching for the importance of this purely technical paper, sketches the geology of Buffalo Peaks, of which a striking view serves as a frontispiece.

Bulletin No. 3 of the American Geographical Society, bearing date of 1882, though just issued, surpasses the average of this series in interest. The important exploration of the River Beni, a tributary of the Madeira, and a great rubber district, by Dr. E. R. Heath, is the subject of the first paper, the explorer giving a plain abstract of his journals. General E. L. Viéte paints in dark colors Mexican life and character on the Rio Grande frontier. Two maps accompany the Bulletin. As usual, there is not the slightest indication of the connection between its contents and the proceedings of the Geographical Society.

An unusual literary partnership is that between Dr. Asa Gray and Dr. J. Hammond Trumbull in the April number of the *American Journal of Science*. They jointly review Dr. Candolle's 'Origin of Cultivated Plants,' with the result of claiming more indigenous plants for America than the Swiss botanist allows. A second article is promised in the next number.

The meritorious *Newport Historical Magazine* closes its third volume with the number for April. Improvements are promised, and a larger support is earnestly desired. To show how wide a circle this periodical interests, we quote from a paper in the current issue on early Rhode Island settlers in New Jersey. The following pedigree has only lately been worked out, though long suspected: "Samuel Lincoln came from Norwich, England, to Massachusetts. He had a son, Mordecai 1st, of Hingham, who in turn had children—Mordecai 2d, born April 24, 1686. . . . Mordecai 3d came [as early as 1714] to Monmouth, N. J., where he married, and his oldest son was named John. They moved [about 1720] to Easton, Pennsylvania, where the father died. John went to Rockingham County, Va., and had sons—Abraham. . . . The first named of these sons, Abraham, had a son Thomas, who was the father of the martyr President."

In the March *Portfolio* (J. W. Bouton) the editor's hand is conspicuous, first in an illustrated article on "The Destruction of Cairo," next in his third paper on Paris, and last in an obituary tribute to Gustave Doré, for whose private character Mr. Hamerton expresses unfeigned respect, and whose art he judges with sympathetic discrimination. The subject of the Paris paper is the Island of St. Louis, circumnavigated. Mr. Hamerton remarks that the new Hôtel Dieu covers a site once occupied by "three churches and part of a fourth, and no less than eleven streets." A strong etching by Jacob Hood shows the watering of horses in the Seine, which

is one of the animated and picturesque sights along that river. Those who are curious in regard to new modes of engraving should examine the illustration on page 53—a "white-line" etching, to borrow a term from the kindred art of wood-engraving.

To those who wish to combine the study of the French language with serious thinking we can recommend *La Réforme Sociale*, a fortnightly magazine published at No. 174 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris. Its name truly indicates its character, but does not imply the readability which this periodical possesses. Its articles are always intelligent and often stimulating, even when the subjects are rather exclusively French, as is by no means the case with all. The issue for March 15 contains a capital picture of the character, home, business, and belongings of a merchant of Troyes, in the time of Henry IV., based on his will and the accompanying inventory.

Fifteen thousand francs were raised towards the gold medal got up for the 60th birthday of the chevalier G. B. de Rossi, and presented to him by his admirers on Dec. 11, 1882. America, we are glad to see, was not wanting from the list, and outdid Greece, Portugal, and Spain in the number of subscribers. The promised commemorative album has been distributed.

The new 'Life of De Morgan' furnishes this interesting addition to the list of fictitious authors: "Seven-Figure Logarithms of Numbers. . . . Trans. of Ludwig Schroen Siebenstellige. Gemeine Logarithmen der Zanten (sic)."

Sundby and Baruël's "Dansk-Norsk-Fransk Ordbyg," of which seven or eight parts have appeared, goes as far in the use of signs as Q. P. Index. If a word is ornithological, a little figure of a bird, resembling an Egyptian hieroglyphic, and about as large as a capital letter, takes the place of the usual abbreviation "ornith." A fish stands for ichthyol.; and a flower, a music note, an anchor, two swords crossed, are equally easily interpreted; a crown in a circle (a piece of money) is for numism., a caduceus for commercial, a toothed wheel for technical, and a book for didactic. A †, the usual sign for death, means obsolete; and, most ingenious of all, a comet signifies unusual. The signs are so easily understood that they are easily remembered. It is curious that orthography, which began with sign-writing, should have come round to it again in a sort of second childhood.

Among the editions of Molière which continue to pour from Parisian presses in ceaseless profusion, and to a few of which we have been able to refer, none begins to equal in lavish artistic adornment that to be edited by M. Anatole de Montaigon (Paris: Lemonnier; New York: F. W. Christern). It is to contain brief commentaries, and its text is to be an exact reproduction of the original editions, adorned with more than 700 new and original illustrations by M. Jacques Leman, among them 32 full-page plates, 150 head-pieces, as many tail-pieces, and more than 160 entirely different initial letters. This sumptuous edition of the greatest of French dramatists will appear play by play, to be bound finally in eight or ten volumes. The illustrations are all on copper, and the price of the whole work varies from 500 to 1,500 francs.

—In former days, it is said, young women in New England spoke of the limbs of a piano, the word legs being too great a trial of their modesty. The *Saturday Review* and some other English writers have laughed at this enough to give an American a certain satisfaction in the Bowdlerist character of Bishop Wordsworth's new edition of Shakspeare. He cannot stomach "thigh"; "the breasts of Hecuba,

when she did suckle Hector" offend his sight; "harlot" is an abomination to him. These scruples are a little like the dash which printers still think it necessary to put after the "big, big D"; but, after all, what can be done? The custom of reading Shakspeare aloud in the family circle has fortunately not entirely vanished from the land; Shakspeare Clubs, though not so flourishing, for some occult reason, as ten years ago, are still numerous. It is very inconvenient in reading aloud in mixed companies to come upon phrases which society at present has agreed to taboo. Call it foolish, squeamish; say that there ought not to be any feeling in the matter; the fact remains that there is, and therefore, for some purposes, the Wordsworthian expurgations may have their use.

—A little over a year ago the French Minister of Public Instruction, at the suggestion of M. de Ronchaud, Director of the Louvre, reestablished the courses of instruction in the National Museums which had been for many years intermitted. At the foundation of the Egyptian Museum in 1836, there was attached to it a course in Egyptian, which for six years was conducted by Champollion. The idea of a system of special studies, carried on in the presence of the monuments, has now been revived and the plan enlarged, and a pamphlet just issued by Ernest Leroux ('Discours d'ouverture de MM. les Professeurs de l'École du Louvre') contains the opening lectures of the first semester of 1882-83. These are as follows: "On the Demotic Language," by Eugène Revillout, Adjunct Conservator of the Egyptian Museum; "On Egyptian Archaeology," by P. Pierret, Conservator of the Egyptian Museum; "On Egyptian Law," by Revillout; "On Semitic Epigraphy," by Ledrain, who is connected with the Oriental antiquities of the Louvre; "On National Archaeology (two lectures)," by Alexandre Bertrand, Member of the Institute, and Conservator of the Museum of St. Germain. These lectures, valuable and interesting in themselves, are still more interesting as introducing the system of study which they represent. It is an admirable idea to convert the Louvre into a University. Might not the British Museum be utilized in the same way? In this country, unfortunately, we have not the material for such a method of work, except, perhaps, in the departments of palæontology and American antiquities.

—We have space for a brief notice only of the lectures. Revillout, in his first lecture, defines the Demotic language, points out its linguistic value as intermediary between the Old Egyptian and the Coptic, and gives specimens of its literature, especially from the remarkable work which he calls 'Philosophical Conversations between the Kufite Jackal and the Ethiopian Cat,' in which the latter represents orthodoxy, and the former philosophical scepticism, with an admixture of Darwinism. In his second lecture he gives a sketch of the development of Egyptian law. Pierret's lecture is devoted to the Egyptian religion, on its philosophical and its mythological sides—its monotheism, its developed solarism, its animal-worship, its idea of a future life. Ledrain, in his short discourse, announces the somewhat startling proposition, that the principle of the North-Semitic religion (borrowed from the non-Semitic Sumerians) was dualism; proof of which he finds in the engravings on various seals and coins, where are figured lions or bulls, and gazelles or goats, the former solar symbols, and representatives of good, the latter, as animals which feed on and destroy the sacred trees, symbols of evil (by others these figures, including the lion and the unicorn in the English Royal Coat of Arms, are regarded as representing the contest between the sun and the

moon). But it seems to be going too far to find in representations of good and evil powers, which exist in all religions, proofs of a probably dualistic system. Bertrand, after stating the general problems of French archaeology, discusses the tertiary and the quaternary man, deciding against the former, and for the latter. The lectures, written with French clearness and freshness, give promise of excellent results for the work of the semester.

—The *Deutsche Rundschau* for March prints an address by Professor Du Bois-Reymond on "Friedrich II. in englischen Urtheilen" (English Opinions of Frederick II.), delivered before the Berlin Academy of Sciences on the anniversary of the birth of its royal founder. The day coincided with the celebration of the silver wedding of the Crown Prince, and the subject was undoubtedly chosen with special reference to the Crown Princess's nationality. Viewed as an historical composition, the lecture is a rather superfluous glorification of Frederick the Great, and, if intended as a tribute to an English Princess, singularly ill-timed; for while at the outset Prof. Du Bois-Reymond dwells on the blessings which have resulted to Prussia from her connection with the Guelphs of England, and even for a moment indulges in speculation as to what would have been the consequence if Frederick II., too, had allied himself with an English Princess, he soon proceeds to sound the key-note of his address—the characteristic inability of the English to appreciate Frederick's greatness. It is a defect not observable among the French, "even when their national sentiment was most overwrought." Among the literary manifestations of this British prejudice, Macaulay's 'Essay on Frederick the Great' naturally excites Du Bois-Reymond's greatest ire. In itself, as occupying "probably the lowest rank among Macaulay's writings," it is not of great importance, but it is typical of the insular prejudice of the British, "who value other nations only in so far as they are, or may be, useful to them." The principal English reproach against Frederick II.—his conquest of Silesia—Prof. Du Bois-Reymond answers with the *tu-quoque* argument: that the doings of the East India Company at the same time were even worse. Lecky is also taken to task for presuming, in his 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century,' to find fault with Frederick's alleged lack of German patriotism. "What right has Mr. Lecky to be more sensitive in this respect than Goethe and Schiller, Herr Emanuel Geibel or Herr Wilhelm Scherer?" In contrast with Macaulay's "utilitarianism," Carlyle's "idealism" was much better fitted to appreciate Frederick's greatness, although "even he was a stranger to the King's real intellectual nature." Carlyle also incurs Du Bois-Reymond's displeasure for calling Frederick, at the close of his book, "the last of Kings." "Carlyle wrote this before 1866; after 1870 . . . he would not have written it. What Frederick prepared, the third great Hohenzollern, Emperor William, finished. And to-day one may well feel assured that the series of great monarchs of that dynasty is not yet at an end." But it is easier to point out Du Bois-Reymond's perfervid patriotism and overflowing loyalty than to do justice to the charms of his diction and the evidences of his familiarity with English history and literature, which render this address as attractive as is everything emanating from his pen. Most of the other articles in this number of the *Rundschau*—"Schiller," by Prof. Wilhelm Scherer, "The German Dynasty in Rumania," the installment of "Stories from Two Annexed Countries by a German Officer," and the novel, by Wilhelm Berger, the scene of which is laid in France

at the time of the late war—are on subjects of chiefly German interest.

—A Transcaucasian correspondent of the München (lately Augsburg) *Allgemeine Zeitung* communicates some interesting ethnographical details concerning the Turkomans of Merv and their oasis, based on fresh information obtained by the Geographical Society of Tiflis. They will be found confirming in the main, as to the character of the Tekke Turkomans, the statements made by O'Donovan in his book on 'Merv,' recently reviewed in this journal. According to that information, which, in view of the unchecked access to the territory lately gained by Russians, may be deemed specially trustworthy, the oasis of Merv embraces a little upward of two thousand square miles, fully four-fifths of which is cultivable. It is watered by the river Murghad, about two hundred and eighty miles long, and an entire system of large and small canals branching off from it. Artificial irrigation is the more needed as not a drop of rain falls from May to September, a season of terrific heat. In early winter, however, snow covers the ground for about twenty days; in February the temperature rises rapidly. Water is wealth in the oasis; it serves as a standard of riches, and is bestowed on chiefs as a reward for services. The population is comparatively dense, numbering nearly two hundred and fifty thousand, and rather poor. No permanent taxes are paid; the *mejlis* determine the amount from time to time; the executive is in the hands of three khans. Many trades are cultivated; the silversmiths and workers of arms are very skilful; beautifully ornamented carpets are woven by women, and exported into Turkey, where they are valued more highly than the Persian manufactures. The women dress almost like the men. Instead of arms they wear silver trinkets in the belts over their gowns. The Merv ladies are not remarkable for beauty, but wives are bought at a high price in money, lambs, and camels. The coarse gluttony of the Mervians, of which O'Donovan has so much to tell, and their thievish and robbing propensities, are also dwelt upon in the Russian reports; but the latter vice is said to characterize only their dealings with strangers, while theft practised on men of their own tribe is regarded with abhorrence. Striking instances of Turkoman honesty are related.

—Dr. Robert Koch, the present head of the Imperial German Health Bureau at Berlin, was a very few years ago an obscure physician in a Prussian country town. Within the past year, owing to his discovery of the now generally accepted *bacillus tuberculosis*, his name has undoubtedly been spoken and written more often by his professional brethren in civilized countries than that of any other member of the medical profession; and justly so, for Koch's discovery of a bacillus of tubercle, whether leading to fruitful or barren conclusions, was but the legitimate offspring of much previous admirable and faithful work, in the course of which he developed the best method of cultivating micro-organisms so as to be able to attain unmixed cultures of the different varieties—the method of embedding them in gelatine. Pasteur's method—that of cultivating these organisms in sterilized liquids—is by no means so reliable. The superior accuracy of Koch's methods has led to a perhaps inevitable controversy in print between these two men, who may fairly be regarded as the two most distinguished mycologists of the day—the one representing a German, the other a French school of experiment. Such a controversy has been pending since Pasteur's appearance before the International Congress of Hygiene at Geneva last September, somewhat

in the character of the modern Jenner. Dr. Koch, in fulfilment of a promise there made to reply in print to the remarks of M. Pasteur at that meeting, has put forth a brochure entitled 'Ueber die Milzbrandimpfung' (Kassel: Theodor Fischer). It is a fine example of strong, scientific polemical writing, and the glimpses it gives of Koch's methods of research afford a striking view of the thorough and painstaking character of the best laboratory work in Germany at the present day.

—The poet Zhukovski, the hundredth anniversary of whose birth was lately celebrated in Russia, was the leading writer of his nation during the period of transition from classicism to romanticism. For a time he acted as a champion of romanticism, and was as such warmly combated and admired; but though his poetry was not of the tame, orthodox pattern of the period of Derzhavin, it never took a high flight, and he was too much of an imitator and translator to become a pathfinder in a new domain of the intellect. He was the warm friend both of the classical prose-writer Karamzin and of Pushkin, the real inaugurator of the new literary era; but survived the former thirty years, and the latter sixteen. Zhukovski excelled in almost every kind of poetry, but chiefly as a writer of ballads and lyrics. When a youth he acquired fame by the translation of Gray's 'Elegy,' and shortly before his death, in 1852, he translated Homer's 'Odyssey.' In 1812, when he fought against the French invader, he wrote famous martial songs, and in 1849, when broken down with age and a morbid pietism, he sang his revered patron's, Czar Nicholas's, victory over the Hungarians. His verse was exquisitely finished and purely Russian. He generally chose soft, and often elegiac, topics. His character was feminine, and his sentiments were noble, but he remained to the end an admirer of Czardom, and was tormented in his last years by the advance of revolutionary ideas. He had become estranged from the younger generation of his people, and is now esteemed chiefly as the preceptor of the Emperor Alexander II., upon whose mind he exercised a very beneficial, humanizing influence. Zhukovski was the illegitimate son of a country nobleman by a Turkish captive, studied at the German University of Dorpat, in Livonia, became reader to Nicholas's consort, and in 1818, when the future Alexander II. was born, educator of the Grand Duke, which he remained till 1840. He subsequently travelled in Germany, where he also spent the evening of his life, in the company of a young wife, a religious enthusiast and self-tormentor like himself.

—Mme. Patti does not like to be classified with those vocalists whose proper and exclusive sphere is the playful, vivacious, debonair. To a friend who thus classified her, twenty years ago, she replied, with a toss of her head, "I am not a buffa." Even after a performance of "Don Giovanni" she exclaimed, passing over his praise of her *Zerlina*, "I should prefer to sing *Donna Anna*, and I shall yet sing the part." To the best of our knowledge she has never kept this promise. *Rosina* in "Il Barbiere" and *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni" are still, in their totality, her best characters. In these her acting is no less spontaneous and graceful than her singing. In some of the semi-tragic operas of Verdi and Donizetti her art is much better shown on the vocal than on the histrionic side, while in an opera like "Faust" she fails to give satisfaction either as vocalist or actress. She has, therefore, followed a wise instinct in avoiding the part of *Donna Anna*, and if she should ever carry out her intention of appearing as *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," she will commit the greatest error of her artistic life.

On Friday her *Zerlina* was seen for the first time in New York, and was immediately recognized as the best *Zerlina* that has ever appeared here. She sang Mozart's music with charming simplicity and purity of style, and precisely as it was written—a point that calls for special mention, as most of our Italian singers, especially the tenors, have a vicious habit of transposing every final note an octave for "effect"—i. e., for the applause of the *vulgus*. In her acting she introduced such a large number of delicious touches, entirely her own, that the most blasé opera-goer must have felt rejuvenated for the moment. She presents a perfect picture of the artless maiden who unites with an honest anxiety to avoid offence to her bridegroom a coquettish desire to please the gay young man of the world, which the simplest country girl shares with the accomplished city flirt. Frau Lucca is an admirable *Zerlina*, but in this instance she must yield the palm to Mme. Patti, although it should be added that Mme. Lucca is equally great in the part of *Donna Anna*. This rôle was on Friday taken by Mme. Fursch-Madi, who sang it with excellent dramatic spirit. Everything else was, unfortunately, so far below mediocrity that it would be absurd to criticise it in detail. The scenery looked as if it had been that used at the first performance of this opera a century ago. The house was full, and in spite of the wretched ensemble the audience took some interest in the performance. With a good cast and fine scenery "Don Giovanni" would doubtless become as popular in this city as any opera; and it would afford a most grateful change from the dreary old repertory, with its faded hot-house melodies. "Don Giovanni" was, of course, given without Mozart's original and undramatic second finale; but some attempt might have been made in its place to suggest the hero's infernal destination, instead of tamely allowing him to disappear down a trap-door, without so much as the flame of a torch to indicate his fate.

—On Saturday the last Philharmonic concert of the season was given at the Academy of Music, before the usual overflowing and discriminating audience. The programme contained no absolute novelty, but two of the numbers must have been new to a large portion of the audience, as they have not been played in New York for some years. One of these was Fuchs's Serenade in D, op. 9, for string orchestra. The first two movements of this composition are rather poor, the last is fairly interesting, while the third and fourth are very fascinating. The applause bestowed on these movements was in exact proportion to their beauty and originality—a phenomenon rarely to be observed in a concert hall. Bargiel's "Medea" overture was also welcomed by those who would like to hear more of this gifted composer, whose chamber music, especially, ranks with the best in existence, although it is strangely neglected by our local clubs. The "Medea" overture is beautifully scored, and the details are often very "suggestive," reminding one in this respect of Schumann, Bargiel's prototype. Schumann was represented on the programme by his magnificent A minor concerto, which was interpreted by Mr. Joseffy. At the rehearsal Mr. Joseffy did not appear to be in the proper mood for doing full justice to this great work; but at the concert he seemed to be, like Rubinstein, inspired by a demon that revealed to him all the subtle nuances of rhythmic and dynamic shading, and gave him the physical power to reproduce the full grandeur of the opening and closing movements. Such playing as this makes one forget that a piano is not suited for a large hall, and can only with difficulty be made to blend harmoniously with the

orchestra. It did on this occasion blend as easily as a harp, and the result was a rare musical treat. Mr. Joseffy was, of course, recalled, and obliged to add a short solo piece. This was followed by the "Ocean" symphony, the performance of which was no less marvellous than that of the concerto. Only five of the seven movements of this gigantic work were played, and among those omitted was unfortunately the lovely Scherzo. In its place was put the new Lento assai preceding the Adagio. As the new movement is exceedingly long, and the Adagio not short, a feeling of monotony was produced, which could be easily obviated at future performances by restoring the Scherzo and dropping the Adagio, which is in every way inferior to the Scherzo. The two Allegros—maestoso and con fuoco, with the chorale—are among the most superb of all symphonic movements, and with the Scherzo and Lento they would constitute a symphony that cannot be heard too often. The new movement is of a more realistic and descriptive character than any of its predecessors. It depicts the turbulent movement of the waves, the shrill whistling of the storm wind, and the clap of thunder. The musical means employed are curiously similar to those of the "Flying Dutchman," which will probably forever remain the most truthful orchestral translation of a storm. Wagner's influence is also to be distinctly traced in the Adagio non tanto, in which the wavy accompaniment of the 'cellos is copied from the *Waldweben* in "Siegfried." One disadvantage of having descriptive music on the concert stage was brought into prominence on Saturday. It produces almost a comic effect to see the cause of thunder in the shape of an athlete beating a huge drum with all his might and main. The correct thing to do, in our opinion, would be either to use actual stage thunder, or to have three or four big drums at some distance and out of sight. In such a case the imagination is the only true source of emotion.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

A Study of Maria Edgeworth. With Notices of her Father and Friends. By Grace A. Oliver. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1882.

To the earnest novel-reader few things are more offensive than the combination of Miss Edgeworth's name with that of Jane Austen. They were the two best female novel-writers of their day. But Jane Austen is a real, though perhaps the humblest, member of a highly select circle. In common with Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Scott, and perhaps two or three more, she has the power, almost inconceivable to those who do not possess it, of creating characters and endowing them with a life of their own from which all their actions and sayings naturally flow. Miss Edgeworth has not this power: she paints character as it presented itself to her view, sometimes well and sometimes ill, but her men and women have not a life in themselves. Her short tales are excellent, and superior to her novels, for the reason that the things required in a short tale are incident and moral point, not character. In the invention or adaptation of incident she is very clever; she also has a large share of the faculty, most conspicuous in Defoe, of giving fiction the air of reality by minute elaboration of detail. She writes decidedly well, and often says witty or sparkling things, of which but few are to be found in Jane Austen. Like the rest of her privileged class, Jane Austen very seldom speaks in her own person: we can hardly gather more of her opinions from her writings than we can gather of those of Homer from the passage in the *Iliad* where he shows his feeling against the demagogism of

Thersites, or of those of Shakspeare from the criticism on the playwrights and actors of his time in "Hamlet." Near as Jane Austen is to us chronologically, the history of her life not having been recorded nor her letters preserved, we know almost as little of her personally as of Homer or Shakspeare. Miss Edgeworth, on the other hand, is constantly before her readers; she is always dissertating and moralizing, if not in her own name, most palpably by the mouth of one of the personages in the novel—always showing her puppets, while Jane Austen's characters display themselves. A small example is as illustrative as a great one. Let the passages of 'Emma' in which the garrulous Miss Bates becomes confused in her talk and mixes incongruous subjects together, be compared with the passage of 'Helen' in which Granville Beauclerk's flightiness of mind produces a somewhat similar jumble in his diary, and the truth of the distinction between creating and painting will probably be felt. In two things Miss Edgeworth and Jane Austen are alike: both of them take their subjects from the society around them, and neither of them can be said to portray passion—Miss Edgeworth, of the two, attempts the higher flight in that direction. She, once at least in her life, knew love; whether Jane Austen ever knew it, we cannot tell.

About Jane Austen, as we have said, hardly anything is known. The Life of her by her nephew, Mr. Austen-Leigh, is, for want of materials, a *caput mortuum*, and only proves the rapidity with which recollections fade even in the very circle of the family. Of Maria Edgeworth, we have in the work before us an account which gives us a clear idea of her character, and tells us as much as we need to know about the people among whom she lived, and the circumstances under which she wrote. A literary life can hardly ever be eventful—the writings in such cases are the history; it is the function of the biographer to collect whatever may help us to appreciate the writings; and if he is wise, he will keep his work within a moderate compass. Mrs. Oliver has kept her work within the moderate compass of a single crown-octavo volume, and she seems to us in all respects to have done it well. It is perhaps by the pictures of Irish life and character that Miss Edgeworth is specially known. In 'Castle Rackrent,' 'The Absentee,' and her other Irish tales, as well as in the 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' she did for Ireland almost what Scott did for the Highlands. But she was almost as little of an Irishwoman as Scott, or as the English monarch whom he induced to masquerade at Edinburgh in kilt and philibeg, was a Highlander. It adds to the confusion of the Irish imbroglio, that the very nomenclature is equivocal and misleading. A name borne in common by acid and alkali would hardly perplex the chemist more than the historian and politician are perplexed by the name which is borne in common by the Teutonic invaders of Ireland and the conquered Celts. Between the Scottish Presbyterian of the North of Ireland especially, and the Catholic Celt of Munster and Connaught, both the contrast and the antagonism are as strong as between any two sets of people in the world; and of the various conjectures which fancy has bred respecting the probable course of Irish history in the absence of imperial rule, not the least likely is that the victors of Londonderry would, in spite of their inferiority in numbers, have driven the vanquished into the sea.

The Edgeworths of Edgeworthstown, in County Longford, were a family descended from the English immigrants of the Tudor period. In Maria's time they were, unlike many Irish proprietors, resident on their estate, and doing their very best for the people. But, as usual, antipathy of race and religion was too strong

to be much softened by kindness, however generous and persistent. Mrs. Farrar, being on a visit to Miss Edgeworth in 1836, went with her friend to the village to see the schools and improvements in the buildings made by the family. "As we passed," she says, "through the crowd to the school house, the enmity of the Papists to Protestant landholders was but too evident. Though Mrs. Edgeworth had been the Lady Bountiful of the village for many years, there were no bows or smirks for her and her friends, no making way before her, no touching of hats or pleasant looks. A sullen expression and a dogged immovability were on every side of us." Miss Edgeworth shared the perils of the hideous rising in '98, of a local episode in which there is a vivid picture in this volume. Yet her heart was very warm toward the Irish people. She intensely sympathized with them in their sufferings under the accursed system of absenteeism; and if her delineation of their character is highly comic, and therefore disrespectful in the eyes of those to whom comic treatment seems insulting, it is free from the slightest tinge of malice. Its truthfulness has been universally admitted by those best qualified to judge, Sir Jonah Barrington among the rest. As to "Hairtrigger Dick" or the absentee landlords, nobody cares how much they are caricatured. According to one of Miss Edgeworth's social critics, who is quoted in this volume, she had even herself imbibed the peculiarities of the Irish mind to such an extent as not only to please by the raciness of her Irish wit, but to repel by the excess of her Irish "blarney." Her letters, however, do not, so far as we can see, bear out this charge, or go beyond the fair limits of mutual admiration. Of her thorough familiarity with country-life in Ireland, proofs everywhere abound. When she wants to describe the *jigging* motion of a steamboat, she compares it to the shake felt in a carriage when a pig is scratching himself against the hind-wheel while waiting at an Irish inn-door. To those who have often waited at an Irish inn-door, what a picture of that Arcady do these words conjure up! Maria is an Irishwoman, too, when she describes herself, without any comic intent, as "doing nothing but idling, and reading, and paving a gutter and yard to Honora's pig-sty and school-house." Not seldom she is helpful to history. We get from her 'Absentee,' for example, what, no doubt, is a true account of the effect of the Union on the society of Dublin—the break-up by the removal to England or to the country of the exclusive circle of old aristocracy, the arrival of new families of a high social position, and, in the end, a mixture of the two elements, which, to Miss Edgeworth, seemed an improvement.

Next to her residence in Ireland, the thing which had most influence on Maria's mind as a writer was her intellectual relation to her father, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who was not only her guide and friend so long as he lived (and he lived to old age), but her philosopher, her critic, the part author of her essays, and the inspirer to no small extent of the rest of her early works. Mr. Edgeworth was a very worthy man; he was an Abdiel of conscientious residence amid a host of absentees. He was also a man of most active mind, a social and educational reformer, an agricultural improver, a mechanical inventor. His intimacies were with men of science and with such social philosophers as Day, the author of 'Sandford and Merton,' and Mrs. Barbauld, who became his daughter's bosom friend. An angry reviewer in the *Quarterly*, admitting his virtues as a landlord and the father of a family, has spoken very disparagingly of his intellect and his social qualities, saying that he was superficial, a

dabbler in every kind of knowledge without being well-founded in any, devoid of originality as a mechanician, and in society "as disagreeable as loquacity, egotism, and a little tinge now and then of idelicacy could make him." But his conduct as a public man had also displeased the *Quarterly*; and if in the eyes of those critics you were heterodox in politics, the bees of Plato would have settled on your lips in vain. No doubt the philosophic and reforming squire of Edgeworthstown appeared to the greatest disadvantage before that apparently easy, yet intensely fastidious and critical, society in which it is perdition to make yourself a bore. By her father and his 'Sandford-and-Merton' associates, however, Maria was thoroughly impressed with the notion that usefulness must be constantly kept in view, and that all her writings must have a good moral. An author possessed with this idea may produce good tales. 'Murad the Unlucky; or, The Lottery-Ticket' loses none of its sprightliness or interest by being a moral lesson as well as a story. Tales are very like fables on a large scale. But all admit that utilitarianism is ruin to fiction of the higher kind. Jane Austen is entirely free from it; she has been censured by foolish critics on that account. Like life itself, her stories and those of all great novelists have their moral, which must be read as we read the moral of life. In reply to some remarks of Mrs. Inchbald on 'Patronage,' Miss Edgeworth says: "We are in the main of your opinion, that Erasmus and his letters are tiresome; but then please to recollect that we had our moral to work out, and to show, to the satisfaction or dissatisfaction of the reader, how in various professions young men may get on without patronage. To the good of our moral we were obliged to sacrifice: perhaps we have sacrificed in vain." "We" includes her father, who is at her elbow, and the unfortunate conviction which they held in common could hardly have been expressed in plainer terms.

"In short, she was a walking calculation. Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from their covers, Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education," etc.

So writes Byron of Don Juan's too-learned mother. Madame de Staël is reputed to have said "que Miss Edgeworth était digne de l'enthousiasme, mais qu'elle s'est perdue dans la triste utilité." On hearing this, Mrs. Oliver tells us, Madame de Staël's daughter, Madame de Broglie, exclaimed: "Ma mère n'a jamais dit ça; elle était incapable." We agree with Mrs. Oliver that the disclaimer, though polite and dutiful, is not conclusive. It is difficult to see why Madame de Staël should be thought incapable of saying in a rhetorical and exaggerated way that which had in it a good deal of truth.

In the letter to which we have just referred, relating to 'Patronage,' Miss Edgeworth speaks with rapture of Mrs. Inchbald's appreciation of the character of Oldborough, saying that her father had placed his dependence on it, and that if it had failed to please Mrs. Inchbald they would all have despaired. In that case the old gentleman's powers as a critic must have been limited, for the character of Lord Oldborough is one which, if it amuses, amuses only by its extravagance. The Grand Mogul on a pack of cards is about as true a portrait of a British statesman. His lordship is described as wielding despotic power over a prostrate world of dependents, and demeaning himself on all occasions like a highly irascible caliph. Displease him, and at once off goes your head. The messenger whom he sends with a note dares not stay to answer a single question, because, when Lord Oldborough's command has gone forth, delay is death. His lordship discovers, through

some correspondence in cipher which has fallen into his hands, and has been deciphered for him, that seven of his colleagues in the Cabinet, the initial letters of whose names make up "Cassock," have been conspiring against him with some German power; an incident unique in British, and perhaps in any, politics. He forthwith writes a peremptory letter to the King demanding the instant dismissal of six of the offenders, the seventh, who is Prime Minister, being generously spared in consideration of a recent improvement in his conduct. The answer to such a missive would have been a commission *de lunatico*. The typical man of the world, as Lord Oldborough is intended to be, always eschews pomposity. But this is the style in which his Lordship holds forth to a person whom he is installing as his land-agent:

"Since you are going to take charge of my business, sir, it is fit you should know my views relative to my affairs. In my present situation, with the favor I enjoy and the opportunities I command, it would be easy to make my fortune whatever I pleased. Avarice is not my passion. It is my pride not to increase the burdens of my country. Mine is a generous country, ever ready to reward her public servants, living or dying. But whilst I live, never will I speculate upon her generosity; and when I die, never shall my heirs appeal to her compassion. My power being at its zenith, and my character being known, I can afford to lay aside much of that adventitious splendor which adds nothing to true dignity. Economy and dignity are compatible—essential to each other. To preserve independence, and consequently integrity, economy is necessary in all stations. Therefore, sir, I determine—for I am not stringing sentences together which are to end in nothing—I determine at this moment to begin to make retrenchments in my expenditure. The establishment at Clermont Park, whither I have no thoughts of returning, may be reduced. I commit that, sir, to your discretion."

It is curious that the Edgeworths could see so much as they saw of society, and approach as near as they did to the verge of political life, without becoming sensible of the absurdity of such a picture. Not the least grotesque touch is that which implies a belief, several years after the impeachment of Lord Melville, that a British Minister was at liberty to increase his private fortune to any extent he pleased by dipping his hands into the public Treasury. The characters of the Falconer family, with their sycophancy and their unscrupulous pushing and intriguing, are better painted than this, which the artists took for their masterpiece. But here, as elsewhere, the writer is so vehemently on the side of virtue, and so determined to drive the moral home, that she rains fire and brimstone upon the wicked till she puts our sympathies on their side. Perhaps it is rather a dangerous part of novel-reading generally, but it is apt to render us too charitable toward the children of perdition, who make all the fun. The characters of the Falconers are also overdrawn. People of the world sin, but they sin within the limits of discretion and taste which their experience of the world prescribes: they do not commit forgery, or, as diplomatists, sell their Government, any more than they assassinate or steal. The character of Caroline Percy has its admirers; but she seems to us little better than an insipid seraph. Mr. Percy is Mr. Edgeworth himself, idealized, but not made amusing. It is in incident and in lively writing that 'Patronage' is strong.

Of 'Helen,' Mrs. Oliver remarks that, "being written long after Mr. Edgeworth's death, it serves to reveal something of the effect which the father had on his daughter's writing." It shows, in Mrs. Oliver's opinion, "a lighter hand, a greater ease in handling dialogue, and a more natural inconsistency in its characters than she was allowed by her father." That the old gentleman's philosophy was in part to blame

for the fatal consistency of the characters in previous novels, and for their being, as they are—except where the rich vein of Irish life comes in—rather abstract virtues and vices than men and women, is very likely. But the increase of lightness and ease in handling dialogue is more probably traceable to the fact that Miss Edgeworth's success as a writer had thrown open to her the best society of London and other centres. She had heard great men of the world talk, and learned that they did not talk like Jupiter or Lord Oldborough. Still, we cannot help differing from Mrs. Oliver, who pronounces Lady Davenant a very real character. She is a perfect dragoness—a Lord Oldborough in petticoats; her virtue and wisdom are so overpowering, her tirades are so awful, that in her presence every one would sit upon the edge of his chair and feel as if he were before the Great White Throne. The only occasion on which she descends to the level of human nature, and ceases to be odious, is at the end of the tale, when she drops upon her knees to implore her son-in-law's forgiveness for his erring wife. Beauclerc, also, to whose character Mrs. Oliver extends the same praise, seems to us to be made up of inconsistent oddities almost mechanically pieced together, and to be without real life as a whole. Besides, did any young English gentleman ever hold forth to a party in a country house in such a style as this?

"Yes, sooner would I believe in all the fables of the Talmud than be without the ecstasy of veneration. It is the curse of age to be thus miserably disenchanted—to outlive all our illusions, all our hopes. That may be my doom in age; but in youth, the high spring time of existence, I will not be cursed with such a premature ossification of the heart. Oh! rather, ten times rather, would I die this instant!"

Helen herself is a good, lovable English girl, and, if she had only some of the little weaknesses of Emma, and, like her, got into some scrapes, she would perhaps be not less charming; but she is little more than a virtue. The best character in the piece is that of Lady Cecilia, who has weaknesses and does get into scrapes, while her affectionate nature preserves our sympathy. Whether it be that the pressure of the paternal imprimatur is withdrawn, or that years and social experience have given acuteness and confidence, there are perhaps more smart things in 'Helen' than in the earlier works: "After this curse of forgiveness, my dear, I will wish you a good night." "Lady Cecilia was charming, and everything was delightful, especially the cold chicken." "How much we owe to such men as Mr. Churchill [a cynical wit], who make us feel detraction virtue." "The not contradicting a person who is abusing himself, is one of the most heinous offences against self-love that can be committed." "Helen never indulged in the self-triumph of 'You see how right I was,' which implies, 'You see how wrong you were.'" On the other hand, the Moral Essayist has not ceased to intrude. The incidents are, as usual, well contrived, and carry the reader on. Pictures of character in the manner of George Eliot, pictures of scenery in the manner of Mr. Black, are very admirable; but, after all, the common reader likes a story to be a story.

We have spoken of the excellence of Miss Edgeworth's style: it is as good in her letters as it is in her books. Her descriptions of the things and people she sees in her times are capital. The account of her visit to Madame de Genlis at the Arsenal is a gem in its way. One only wishes that she could have drawn from Madame more of those personal recollections of the Revolution of which history has too few. As a writer of Memoirs she would evidently have been first-rate; and we cannot help half wishing that destiny had assigned to her that part, instead of one in

which she is not first-rate, though she deservedly ranks high.

THE CARLYLE-EMERSON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Correspondence of Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1834-1872. 2 vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

THE correspondence between Emerson and Carlyle, extending over a period of some forty years, is remarkable for what it does not, as well as for what it does, contain. As a correspondence between two of the foremost writers of their time, it might be expected to be of considerable literary and speculative interest, to present a picture of their theories as to literature, its canons, its relation to life, its past and future. But as a matter of fact, the correspondence is nearly devoid of interest of this sort. This is the more singular as a great part of it relates to Carlyle's books—not only to negotiations with publishers for their sale, but to curious confidential descriptions of the toil and agony which he suffered in bringing them forth, given, however, in terms which suggest to the reader not so much intellectual or literary difficulties, as acute physical suffering of some kind. Emerson had from the first a deep and unaffected admiration for Carlyle, and spared no pains to introduce him to the notice of readers on this side of the Atlantic. So far as one man could do such a thing, he created a market for him in this country when he had almost none in his own. We find him in the correspondence urging Carlyle to put him to use; making bargains, which must have involved much thought and trouble, with the publishers; taking such measures as could be taken to protect him from piracy; getting the publishers' accounts carefully examined and verified; and in a thousand ways doing for Carlyle the inestimable services of an unusually warm and unselfish literary friend. On his side, Carlyle professes the warmest admiration for Emerson; declares that from him almost alone among human beings does he get real sympathy. And yet, for literary or speculative interest, the correspondence is almost a blank. So far as Emerson is concerned, this is due in part to the indifference shown by Carlyle as to the topics of most interest to him. Emerson would apparently have been glad to pour out to his friend his views of one kind and another; but for his speculations Carlyle cared nothing. Such indifference, of course, would have a chilling effect on any correspondent—most of all, on one so sensitive as Emerson. But the curious part of the matter is, that Carlyle's side of the correspondence is as devoid of this kind of interest. He frequently alludes to the necessity of giving his message to the world, but never tells his friend what it is; and as we close the book we cannot help feeling the impression produced by the 'Reminiscences' confirmed—that Carlyle stood, so far as the literature of his time is concerned, entirely alone, in a position of moral and mental isolation very different from that usually sought or coveted by men of letters. He had a very poor opinion of the literature, philosophy, and science of his own day, and expressed for nearly all his contemporaries and rivals profound contempt. England, and in fact the world at large, he regarded as given over to the "mud-gods" and as inhabited by "Dead-Sea apes."

This makes it all the more interesting to know what hope there was to be extracted from the past, what promise held out by the future. But on such points, even in his confidential correspondence, Carlyle is dumb. We must remember that Carlyle's life covers what we are fond of regarding as a splendid literary period. The reign of Victoria has been marked by great

achievements in all fields, especially that of literature, science, and speculation. If we took Carlyle's word for it, however, we should suppose it to be a period of besotted ignorance and blind formalism. And yet, as to what might be done for salvation, he has nothing distinct to say.

As a memorial of a literary friendship, the letters are very pleasant reading. Carlyle helped Emerson in England as Emerson helped him in America—though not with such devotion—and the correspondence bears witness to the perfect confidence reposed in each other by the two friends—which is all the more interesting because of the dissimilarity between them that is betrayed at every point. They had really very little in common. Emerson, in the course of his long life, seldom spoke a harsh word of anybody. Carlyle spared no one. Emerson's idealism was of the optimistic kind, and led him to cherish a curious delusion on the subject of a regeneration of the world at the hands of some modern seer or sage, that suggests a habit of mind rather Oriental than Western. Carlyle did not in the least share in this hope, at least in his mature period, for he was so deeply impressed with the depravity of the human race that regeneration through an agency like that of the mild-eyed village Buddhas whom from time to time Emerson sent out with letters of introduction, was to him an idle dream. If Carlyle's "strong man" could have got his hands upon Emerson's "coming man," a sound flogging and a pretty long period of incarceration in the county jail would have been the least punishment allowed him; and Carlyle shows at his best in his effort to pretend to be glad to meet the queer people who were sent over to him from time to time, and he displays, indeed, remarkable reserve in reporting the impression they produced on him.

These volumes, therefore, while they give a more amiable picture of him than the 'Reminiscences,' do not contribute much to the solution of the problem presented by his literary career. Since his death the public has been so much occupied with the details of his private life, his relations with his wife, and the light thrown by them on his character, that his position as a literary man has been neglected. Sooner or later, however, the world will have to decide what sort of a place in literature it is willing to accord to Carlyle as a historian and as an essayist. In this decision his private character will count for as little as that of Gibbon does in our estimate of him. These volumes are quite enough to show that his relation to literature is very peculiar; that he was a literary man who cared little or nothing for literature as such, and a historian who found history mainly what he calls a "dust-hole." With the great literary movement of the nineteenth century he seems to have as little connection as if he had not lived in it. His style was almost a protest against the English language itself. He was regarded during his lifetime as a great teacher, and he gained a great literary reputation from a generation which he despised. Yet it is hard to say what lesson his histories or essays taught that was not known to the world before.

VINCENT'S HAYDN.

Haydn's Dictionary of Dates and Universal Information, relating to All Ages and Nations. Seventeenth Edition, containing the History of the World to the Autumn of 1881. By Benjamin Vincent, Librarian of the Royal Institution of Great Britain; Cor. Mem. Hist. Soc. New York. Revised for American readers. Harper & Bros. 1883.

In No. 240 of the *Nation* we reviewed the American edition of Haydn's Dictionary published in

1869. That was based on the twelfth English edition, the sixth revised and improved by Mr. Vincent. The compass of the work has since been repeatedly enlarged, and its revision continued. The American editor of the seventeenth edition, now before us, Mr. G. C. Eggleston, while omitting no title, and making "as slight alterations in the text . . . as might be, . . . has corrected errors in the English work with respect to American matters; has added American dates to all important titles from which they were omitted in the English work; and has inserted such additional titles, relating to American subjects, as were necessary to fit the work for the use of American readers." He has thus limited his editorial labor entirely to the American portions, and leaves the responsibility for all the rest to the English editor, whose successive revisions and enlargements have already extended over a quarter of a century.

"Unfortunately, however"—we must here, to our regret, repeat what we said in our review of the issue of 1869—"the defects of the original publication, to be radically removed, required much more than the amount of labor and care which even conscientious revisers are inclined to bestow upon the work of others. And so the Dictionary remains highly imperfect, in spite of continued completing and correcting." And we must still add: "Mr. Vincent's own additions are not always made and revised with the necessary care." That this is a mild expression, rendered with charitable regard for the difficulties of an encyclopædic editor, the following will show: The "Table of Contemporary European Sovereigns," an addition of Mr. Vincent's, fills the first four pages of this again "thoroughly revised" work; with a single exception—an error referring to a King of England—it still contains all the blunders pointed out in our first review: "The accession of Christina of Sweden is dated '1633,' instead of 1632; . . . that of Czar Nicholas '1828,' instead of 1825; that of King William of Prussia '1860,' instead of 1861. Napoleon's second reign, in 1815, is forgotten. Ferdinand I. of Hungary (1526) and Ferdinand I. of Austria (1835) are both entered as Ferdinand II. The Empress Maria Theresa is to be found neither under 'Germany,' nor under 'Hungary,' nor under 'Austria.'" The next page presents the "Population and Governments of the World (according to the Almanach de Gotha)." The first line states the population of Anhalt as it was in December, 1875, and the same is the case with Baden and Bavaria (lines 4 and 5), and all the German States—excepting Oldenburg, which is left as it was in 1871—though the German census of December, 1880, had long been known in "the autumn of 1881." The reason is, the Gotha Almanac for 1882 had not yet made its appearance then, and Mr. Vincent was too negligent to avail himself of other sources of information. The second line introduces as President of the Argentine Confederation Sr. N. Avellaneda, whose going out of office in October, 1880—nearly a year before the date to which the Dictionary is brought down—was recorded in the last Gotha Almanac, but naturally only among the "Additions," which Mr. Vincent overlooked. The third line contains the unofficial statement of the population of the Austrian Empire in 1875, ignoring the official census of 1880. The sixth leaves the population of Belgium also as it was in 1875, although Mr. Vincent could have found the official yearly enumerations of 1876-9 in earlier almanacs.

The process of accretion which has taken place in numerous titles is well exemplified by the first notice in the Dictionary. When Haydn first published it, he concluded his few lines on "Aargau" with the statement that the canton "was much disturbed by religious dissensions in

1841," which was then the latest. Three years later he added: "And the expulsion of the Jesuits was demanded in 1844." Here the notice ends today; what became of the demand, or how the expulsion, etc., led to the civil war of the Sunderbund, Mr. Vincent forgot to add. What his "thorough revisions" have amounted to is, however, much better illustrated by such articles as "Assyria" or "Egypt." In the former we easily perceive that he knows of discoveries of Assyrian antiquities by such men as Layard, Rawlinson, George Smith, and Rassam, and even of "classes for the study of the Assyrian language" and of the "Rev. A. H. Sayce's" Assyrian grammar; but that in the light of those discoveries and studies the history and chronology of the article, as it was written and still stands—with its Belus, Ninus, Ninyas, Semiramis, Arius, Aralius, Belochus, and Sarac, and its dates after "the chronologers Blair, Usher, Hales, and Clinton"—are worse than worthless, and that different, monumentally authenticated, names and dates have now to be substituted for the fabulous and fictitious ones, does not seem to have entered his mind. Under "Egypt" we read: "1st epoch, the dynasty of its Pharaohs or 'great Kings,' commenced with Mizraim, the son of Ham, second son of Noah, 2188 B. C., and then, 'Dynasty of Menes (conjectural), B. C. 2717,' which carries us back 500 years beyond the '1st epoch.'" Next follow such fabulous names as Athotes, Busiris, Oasymandyas, and Syphoas, with precise dates after the Abbé Lenglet, Blair, and Usher—the Pharaohs of the monuments being omitted, and such Egyptian chronologists as Lepsius, Mariette, or Brugsch ignored. Then we have this ingenious combination: "Rameses III., or Sesostris, reigns . . . 1618," in which the great conqueror of whom the Greeks fabled is identified with an historical King who is generally reckoned to have reigned about 1250 B. C., and the date of the latter arbitrarily altered by several hundred years, in order to suit the chronology of the myths! And not only myths of history are duly dated in this Dictionary, but also events of mythology proper. Thus we learn, under "Greece," that Uranus arrived in that country in 2042 B. C., and, under "Caucasus," that Prometheus was "tied on the top of that mountain by Jupiter in 1548."

The American editor has done his share of the work better than Mr. Vincent did his. This is, however, not saying much, especially if we consider the disparity of their tasks. Several of the errors and contradictions which we pointed out in the review alluded to above, in regard to the Civil War, have disappeared, without Mr. Eggleston having seen our article—as we can judge from other mistakes left standing. "Antietam Creek," "Battles," "South Mountain," and "United States" still contradict each other as to the events of September 14-18, 1862, in the way we called attention to there. The concurrent dates as to the fighting at Corinth in October, 1862, given under "Battles" and "United States," are still contradicted under the special head. The same is the case in regard to the battle of Perryville in the same month. Similar discrepancies occur as to the surrender of Fort Hudson in July, 1863, and the battles at Spottsylvania Court House in May, 1864. The article "United States," if not complete, is very comprehensive, and rather fresh in its letter parts. We wonder, however, why of all the "illustrious" or notorious Americans who have died since 1876, besides President Garfield and his assassin, Mr. Eggleston has selected for mention only General Bragg and Caleb Cushing.

History of the Negro Race in America, from 1619 to 1880. By George W. Williams. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. 8vo.

To disparage the product of great literary industry is always repugnant to the fair minded critic. In the present case, his desire to bestow praise is heightened by the fact that the author is one of the race whose history he has undertaken to relate. Mr. Williams is justly entitled to the credit of having produced the most ambitious and elaborate work that has yet emanated from his colored countrymen, as is obvious from his list of such works. Moreover, his two volumes are, externally and typographically, very inviting, not to say imposing.

Nevertheless, the critic has a duty to perform, to the author and to the public, and cannot avoid assigning this history a rank far below its pretensions. He would be glad to say it was readable, but he has not found it so; or a valuable book of reference, but it is not that; or intellectually remarkable, but, by the only standard of comparison which Mr. Williams would exact, it must be judged the crude performance of a mind in no way exceptionally endowed. Its total effect is that of cramming, without the power to digest or arrange. Such a statement will surprise the author, as it probably will some of his reviewers, who have commended the orderliness of his narrative, whereas the fact is that his division and distribution of topics is unmethodical to the last degree. It is easy, in this matter, to be deceived by appearances, especially if one only looks at the table of contents. The moment one goes below the chapter headings, the defects of time, perspective, and generalization become painfully manifest. Wherever the divisions are not marked out by nature, as when dealing with slavery in the colonies, they are for the most part inapt, illogical, often grotesque. For an example of classification run mad, the chapter in the second volume on "Anti-slavery Methods" may be consulted.

Mr. Williams has chosen to begin with the Flood; but a Biblical argument (vol. I., pp. 1-11) to prove the negro a man, seems, in these Darwinian days, more than antediluvian. In the theological seminary from which the author was graduated this may be thought a necessary clearing of the ground; and there, too—but where else, unless perhaps in Mr. Hubert Bancroft's literary laboratory!—the following sentence, introducing a chapter on "Primitive Negro Civilization," may be read without a smile: "It is fair to presume that God gave all the races of mankind civilization to start with. We infer this from the known character of the Creator" (vol. I., p. 22). The next step is to paint the character of the Africans of the West coast, the principal ancestors of the colored Americans. This might have been made attractive reading, but in truth it is an indiscriminate hodgepodge, and is oddly succeeded by accounts of the colonies of Sierra Leone and Liberia—in the case of the latter, both inadequate and misleading. But now the wild Africans are to be got to America, and a chapter on the slave-trade, one would think, would be in order. It will hardly be believed that there is no such chapter, nor anywhere a description of the horrors of that traffic. The allusions to it are purely incidental under the colonies, and ignore it on the high seas, in the "middle passage."

The author owes his higher education to a Massachusetts institution, and that State notoriously had a preëminent share in emancipating his race, both in her own borders and in the nation at large. It is therefore somewhat shocking to find him arraigning her as conspicuously sinful in her colonial slaveholding, and heaping upon her epithets which no one of her sister colonies provokes. The reason of this extraordi-

nary assault is the author's subjection to the influence of Mr. George H. Moore, whose well-known "Notes on the History of Slavery in Massachusetts" furnished a handy source of information for this colony. Mr. Moore's work, though historically valuable, is devoid of the historic spirit, and is an unfair and thinly veiled political pamphlet. That Mr. Williams should have borrowed not only its facts but its animus, is much to be regretted.

The rise and development of the anti-slavery movement in this country is miserably presented in these pages; indeed, it is not too harsh to say that the author has made a perfect mess of it. The true character of the Colonization Society is slurred over, and its stormy and malignant contention with the abolitionists is summed up in these gentle lines: "The Colonization Society was never able to secure the sympathy of the various anti-slavery societies of the country, and was unable to gain the confidence of the colored people to any great extent" (vol. II., p. 53). In the chapter on the "Anti-Slavery Efforts of Free Negroes," the early protests of James Forten and other Philadelphians against the Colonization Society should have found a place; and here should have been introduced the least-known and most interesting figure in the annals of colored Americans, David Walker. The author of the "Appeal," in four articles, together with a Preamble, to the Colored Citizens of the World, but in particular, and very expressly, to those of the United States of America, written in Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, Sept. 28, 1829, will one day be rated at his true worth. His thrilling tract, which Southern legislatures tremblingly considered with closed doors, though issued from a second-hand clothing shop in the Puritan capital, is now one of the rarest of anti-slavery documents. Mr. Williams, who gives in full Chief Justice Sewall's "The Selling of Joseph," might well have reprinted the third edition of the "Appeal" verbatim, gaining space, if necessary, by sacrificing the first 114 pages of his first volume. But Walker is not introduced chronologically, and just escapes virtual non-recognition by being remembered in the appendix to the second volume. His name is even omitted from the index.

The political opposition to slavery is not correctly set forth in its origin and development. James G. Birney is recorded, in one of the author's absurd subdivisions, as a member of the "heterodox anti-slavery party"—a nonentity; but not a word is said of his connection with the Liberty party, nor is the existence of such a party remotely hinted at. There is no chapter or section on the Fugitive-Slave Law, which is dismissed in the four lines: "Another fugitive-slave law was demanded by the South, and the Northern members voted them the right to hunt slaves on free soil. The law passed, and was approved on the 18th of September, 1850" (vol. II., p. 107). One looks in vain in the text or in the index for any account of the cases, arising under this law, which stirred the moral sentiment of the North to its depths. The poor victims whose names became famous in both hemispheres, and will yet be commemorated in a proper history of their color, are passed over in favor of successful tradesmen and mechanics. The representative men of color, by the way, do not form a chapter by themselves, but are distributed in at least three places, with flagrant disproportion and omissions. The Kansas struggle is chronicled very indifferently under the fanciful title, "Northern Sympathy and Southern Subterfuge"—subterfuge not being precisely what John Brown had to fight. Chapters xviii. and xix., vol. II., on the "Negroes as Soldiers," are among the best and most useful in the book. The summary of reconstruction is worthless, and

is not excused by Mr. Williams's announcement that he is preparing a two-volume history of this dismal period. Still, his conclusion is just: "Neither the South nor the Government could say: 'Thou canst not say I did it: shake not thy gory locks at me.' Both were culpable, and both have suffered the pangs of remorse."

We miss a chapter on color prejudice, graphically describing the condition and estimation of the free blacks at the North at the opening of the anti-slavery agitation. It would have pointed a good many morals, one being that Mr. Williams's book and military and political career disprove the then all but universal belief that the free negro could never be anything but a despised and degraded object so long as he remained in this country; the other being that the range of employment and social recognition of the race have been very little extended since emancipation. We ought also to have expected that the supreme faculty of the negro for music would have engaged Mr. Williams's attention, and insured a chapter on the negro melodies originating on the plantation and of late years carried by "Jubilee Singers" all over the world. "Uncle Remus" and his folk-lore should have furnished another. We might, further, have been shown the probable derivation of music and fable from the West African tribes. But Mr. Williams preferred rather to dwell on their utterly degraded natures.

To conclude, we cannot commend this work for originality, ability, or entire accuracy. As a book of reference, it will infallibly disappoint. After the parade of the number of books consulted in the preparation of it, the authorities cited are singularly few, and are indicated as a rule in the vaguest manner. A certain amount of historical, biographical, and statistical information is conveniently brought together, but it will have to be used with caution.

Les Chemins de Fer en Amérique. Par E. Lavoine, Ingénieur-en-Chef des Ponts et Chaussées, et E. Pontzen, Ingénieur, Ancien Élève de l'École des Ponts et Chaussées. Tome Second. Exploitation, et Chemins de fer à voie étroite et Tramways. Paris: Dunod.

THIS is the second volume of an important work, of which the first was published two years ago. It is the outgrowth of investigations begun by Messrs. Lavoine and Pontzen in 1876, when they both held important positions in connection with the Centennial Exhibition. The first volume related to construction, and was illustrated by an atlas containing thirty-nine large plates, constituting the most complete collection of information as to the details of American railway construction that has ever been brought together, and, incidentally, calling attention to peculiarities of American work which, while so familiar to our own engineers as to escape attention, strike foreigners as noteworthy.

The volume now before us (659 large octavo pages, including a complete index and an atlas of thirty-eight plates) is devoted to the *maintenance and administration* of American railways, including a description of our system of tramways and narrow-gauge railways. It would be as just as it would be commonplace to say that this book should be found in the library of every engineer, and should especially become the vade-mecum of the engineering student. It is really something more than this expression would imply. Its authors have apparently exhausted every means of information, and, so far as we can judge from a casual examination, they have left no detail unnoticed, from the first locating of the line to the final construction of the most complete Pullman car. From the information herein contained, an engineer who

had never seen a railway could construct and equip it completely in the best manner, his decision between alternative methods being aided by sound advice. Having built his road, he would find in the volume before us a careful consideration of methods of administration; surveillance and maintenance of the roadway; motive power; management of trains; character of freight traffic; tariffs for freight and passengers; relations with connecting roads, etc., etc. Eighty-five pages are given to the legal status and financial management of railway companies, etc. No such complete popular publication has ever been made concerning the railway system of any country before, and it may well be doubted whether there will be again. We are glad to know that there is a prospect of the publication of this work in English; but, with its ample illustrations, it cannot fail to be of value in its present form, even to engineers who have no knowledge of the French language.

Selections from Lucian, with Introductions and Notes, by Charles Richard Williams, Professor of Greek in Lake Forest University, Ill. Boston: John Allyn.

THIS book is evidently the result of much patient and long-continued labor. Of its typography and general make up, it is only necessary to say that it is from the "University Press" of John Wilson & Son, Cambridge. The "General Introduction" of forty-one pages treats of the life, times, and works of Lucian. Many parts of this introduction are extremely well done, but sometimes the style is inflated to a degree bordering on the sophomoric. The Greek text of twenty-two pieces of Lucian occupies 152 pages, the "Special Introductions and Notes" 145 more. While these introductions are, on the whole, very useful, they are too diffuse and rhetorical, and by their frequent repetition of the same ideas in slightly varied forms, they become monotonous. Take the following examples: In the introduction to the second piece, "Charon," Prof. Williams says:

"In no one of Lucian's writings are the charms of his style, his keen satire, his biting sarcasm . . . seen to better advantage."

Turning to the introduction to the next piece, "Timon," we read:

"This dialogue is usually considered Lucian's masterpiece. . . . In spirited character sketching, in keenness of satire, . . . Lucian is throughout at his best."

In the introduction to the next piece, "The Cock," we are told:

"The perfect ease and gracefulness of this dialogue mark it as the probable work of Lucian's best period, when his style had reached its highest maturity."

And so on. This continuous laudation becomes somewhat tedious. Indeed, the book would be improved by considerable "cutting" and condensation. Such a process would have furnished space for another improvement. Taking the first paragraph of the text of Lucian as given by Prof. Williams, comprising thirty-three lines, or one page and three lines, we have three and a half pages of "Notes." In the course of these notes we have, in addition to a few passages quoted, references to the following authors and works, unaccompanied by the text of the passages; and in order to comply with the direction to compare them, it would be necessary to have the books at hand: Xenophon ('Anabasis,' 'Memorabilia,' 'Symposium,' 'Economics'), Demosthenes ('De Corona,' 'Philippics,' 'Olynthiacs'), Plato ('Apology'), Aristotle ('Politics'), Alciphron, and four dialogues of Lucian not contained in the 'Selections.' To some of these

works there is more than reference. Had Prof. Williams cut out some of his "eloquence," and quoted more of his illustrative passages, he would have made his book more convenient and useful. Notwithstanding these and some other defects, this is the best edition of a selection from Lucian for school purposes with which we are acquainted. Were we going to read Lucian with a class, we should adopt it without hesitation.

On the Wing. By Mary E. Blake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883. 16mo, pp. 231.

THE author of this book was one of an "excursion party" to California, and the volume is made up of a series of bright and chatty letters to a Boston paper. That there is absolutely nothing new in this correspondence is not, perhaps, important from the standpoint of journalism, so long as it is readable; but this consideration makes its permanent setting in book form of more than doubtful necessity. The descriptions are accurate, and the facts authentic, but the suspicion is excited that the writer has not before been west of Watertown. There is a smack of the Bostonian who believed there were not more than twenty men in that city who could have written the plays of Shakspeare. The author has a little start of surprise when she finds that there are pretty girls in Chicago like those on Washington Street, and that they talk about "blocks," in describing distances, "just as they do in New York." She is overcome by her own daring when she discovers that she has "really seen day dawn over the plains of Kansas." She is astonished to find "young people refined and well-bred" in San Francisco, but recovers her equipoise on the tender of a locomotive, where "my companion was a slim, young Bostonian who could lead a german or give you the Otello fantasia of Ernst one night, and climb Mont Blanc next morning; so I felt perfectly at home." It is to be hoped that excursion parties will continue to travel over well-worn routes, but the suggestion may be pardoned that the literature of such trips is already measurably complete.

Study and Stimulants. By A. A. Reade. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

ALTHOUGH in full sympathy with the opinions which 'Study and Stimulants' is published to confirm, we think the book itself more curious than valuable. It consists of more than a hundred "testimonies," as they are called, some very curt and some prolix, upon the mental influence of stimulants, given by brain-workers in reply to specific inquiries, and nearly a score more extracted from publications, with twenty pages of comment. The editor concludes that alcohol and tobacco are of no value to a healthy brain, that the most severe mental work can be satisfactorily done without artificial stimulus, and that the influence of alcohol in health is bad. All this is probably true, and the drift of the evidence given here is certainly in that direction. But the book lacks completeness. It leaves the questions asked to be inferred from the answers, and one cannot tell whether all the respondents were addressed identically, and, particularly, what others failed to reply. Without knowing how the nays stand, it is not well to say the ayes have it. And if it is a matter of votes or of influence, a hundred and twenty is a small number of the students of the world to decide such a question. One can readily understand that those who do use alcohol freely in connection with literary labor, if there are such, might resent being catechized as an impertinence, or at least decline to lay open to public gaze their mental machinery if it is driven by a spirit-lamp rather than water-power. We must have

a count of the absentees before siding with this majority because it is a majority.

Some of the contributors make such very odd statements that they excite wonder, if not a smile. For instance, Mr. Matthew Arnold says: "Real brain-work by itself, I think, upsets the worker and makes him bilious." Mr. Francillon "always insists very strongly upon brain-work—beyond an uncertain point—being non-natural." Mr. Robert Buchanan announces: "The cases of dire disease generated by total abstinence from liquor are much more terrible than those caused by excess." A collection of the opinions of larger consumers might be a curious commentary on the views of the more abstemious.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alexander, Mrs. The Admiral's Ward: a Novel. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.
Baldwin, Prof. J. Introduction to the Study of English Literature and Literary Criticism. Part 2. Prose. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co.
Berg, A. E. The Universal Self Instructor and Manual of General Reference. Thomas Kelly.
Bierbaum, Prof. F. J. History of the English Language and Literature. R. Westermann & Co.
Blind, Mathilde. George Eliot. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.
Bonner, S. Dialect Tales. Harper & Bros.
Bridgman, R. L. Concord Lectures on Philosophy. Summer School of 1882. With an Historical Sketch. Cambridge: Moses King.
Brown, J. C. The Forests of England, and the Management of Them in Bye-Gone Times. Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd.
Caird, Prof. Edward. Hegel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lip-pincott & Co. \$1 25.
Davis, W. T. Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth. Boston: A. Williams & Co. \$1.
Daughter of the Philistines. No-Name Series. Boston: Roberts Bros.
Dowling, M. E. Ingersollism and Reason. Detroit: Wm. Graham. \$1.
Duffy, C. G. Four Years of Irish History—1845-49. Cassell & Co. \$3.
Fall, C. G. Employers' Liability for Personal Injuries to their Employees. Boston: A. Williams & Co.
Farmer, T. H. The State in Relation to Trade. Macmillan & Co. \$1.
Foster, D. The Scientific Angler. Illustrated. Orange Judd & Co. \$1 50.
Freeman, J. E. Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1 50.
Godel, F. D. Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. Revised and edited by T. W. Chambers, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls. \$2 50.
Godwin, P. Poetical Works of Wm. Cullen Bryant. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. \$6.
Godwin, P. Life of Wm. Cullen Bryant. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. \$6.
Hawels, H. R. American Humorists. Funk & Wagnalls.
James, H. Jr. Daisy Miller, and Other Stories. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 25 cents.
Lucy, H. W. Gideon Fleyce: a Novel. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.
Merrivether, E. A. Black and White: a Novel. E. J. Hale & Son.
Meyers Hand-Lexikon des allgemeinen Wissens. 3d ed. Vol. I. A-K. New York: R. Westermann & Co.
Morse, J. T. Jr. Thomas Jefferson. [American Statesmen.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
My Trivial Life and Misfortune. Part I. Spinsterhood. By A. Plain Woman. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.
Nohl, L. Musiker-Biographien: Wagner, Leipzig: Ph. Reclam, Jr.: New York: R. Westermann & Co. 10 cts.
Ohnet, G. La Comtesse Sarah. Paris: Ollendorf: New York: P. W. Christern.
Parker, G. W. Concise Grammar of the Malagasy Language. Trübner & Co.
Pomeroy, J. N. Remedies and Remedial Rights by the Civil Nation, according to the Reformed American Procedure. 2d ed. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Reade, A. A. Study and Stimulants: or, The Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. \$1 50.
Russell, W. C. The Wreck of the *Grosvener*. Harper's Franklin Square Library. 15 cents.
Schaft, Prof. Philip. A Religious Encyclopedia; or, Dictionary of Biblical, Historical, Doctrinal, and Practical Theology. Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls. \$5.
Schenkl, C. Xenophon's Libri Socratici. Harper & Bros.
Smiles, S. James Nasmyth: an Autobiography. Harper & Bros.
Smyth, Newman. The Ortho-lex Theology of To-day. New ed. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Soley, J. R. The Blockade and the Cruisers. [The Navy in the Civil War.—I.] Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.
Studies in Logic. By Members of the Johns Hopkins University. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Thayer, A. W. The Hebrews and the Red Sea. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 80 cents.
The Alternative: a Study in Psychology. Macmillan & Co. \$2 75.
The Battle of the Moy: or, How Ireland Gained her Independence. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Trollope, A. The Commentaries of Caesar. John B. Alden. 15 cents.
Van Eys, W. J. Outlines of Basque Grammar. Trübner & Co.
Warren, W. W. Life on the Nile and Excursions on Shore; also, A Tour in Syria and Palestine. 3d ed. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Warren, G. W. Gov. Winthrop's Return to Boston. An Interview with a Great Character. A Poem.
Waters, P. The Prayers of the Bible: Showing How to Pray, What to Pray For, and How God Answers Prayer. Phillips & Hunt. \$2.
Williams, W. M. Science in Short Chapters. Funk & Wagnalls. \$1.
Winks, W. E. Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers. Funk & Wagnalls. 25 cents.
Young, J. H. The Yearly Moons. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 75 cents.
Zola, E. Au Bonheur des Dames. 17th thousand. Paris: G. Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern.
Zola, E. Au Bonheur des Dames. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 75 cents.

Fine Arts.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN ARTISTS.

THESE periodical exhibitions now bear a very close resemblance one to another. But this fact in itself should not be regarded as unfavorable if the signs were in other respects hopeful, for progress in art is rarely marked by striking changes or novel departures from the general course of feeling and the customary lines of effort at any given time, unless it be a time when feeble and false principles and practice prevail. In growing schools, progress is marked rather by steady adherence to the prevailing aims, and by tranquil endeavor to excel in the directions in which all are striving. This unity of purpose, which is wholly compatible with full expression of individual genius, is what largely constitutes the life of a school; and, through the support which mutual sympathy and friendly criticism give, individuals attain degrees of excellence which would otherwise be impossible to them.

So far as unity of purpose and mutual sympathy go, the conditions under which the Society of American Artists is now working are favorable to progress. There evidently exists, in this Society, an *esprit de corps* which is very powerful. If there is anything unfavorable in the conditions, it is that the fundamental principles which actuate the artists are inadequate—that the models which they have taken for inspiration and guidance are not of sufficiently excellent character. The quality of the work displayed indicates that this is largely the case, and it is on this account that the unity of purpose, so admirably maintained, fails to accomplish what it ought. The similarity which we notice between one of these exhibitions and another is, therefore, to a great extent one of mannerism rather than of quiet and steady progress in which the successive steps are hardly noticed. The new departure of adopting modern Continental aims and methods, which was taken, almost unanimously, a few years ago, by our younger artists, was interesting and attractive at first; and from it, as we have before said, some important gain was made over the more feeble traditional characteristics of the older American art. But it is now very noticeable that the inspiration is waning. The novelty of French principles is wearing off; and it must be apparent to the discerning that progress on these lines is no longer marked. The range of qualities exemplified by Continental art has been practically exhausted; our American students have very fairly mastered them, and their limited and misleading character is shown by the comparatively stationary, if not in some respects retrograde, condition which these exhibitions more and more clearly manifest.

We would again, as we have done before, express the hope that the day is not far distant when our young artists will devote themselves to the study of the entirely sound and all embracing principles of the central Italian schools of art, and will, under the instruction therefrom received, apply themselves with renewed energy to the interpretation of nature from the diverse and enlarged modern points of view. But there are always some signs of progress which keep up our faith in the ultimate triumph of American art, and to these we shall endeavor to do justice. Among the pictures in the present display which seem to us most worthy of notice, is "A Prelude," No. 30, by T. W. Dewing. This picture is conspicuous by real merits no less than by position and singularity. It belongs to that class of fanciful æsthetic designs which are growing daily more common, but it is far above the average of such works. It represents two maidens, clad

in loose and simple gowns—of delicate cinnamon and rosy-lilac colors respectively—seated upon low chairs of antique pattern, with harps by their sides. They are relieved against a background of pale growing roses, which are reflected upon the polished surface of the marble floor, so that the entire background, from top to bottom of the canvas, is one delicately varied field of rose color. As a work of color the picture possesses a great deal of beauty. But it is not so beautiful in its lines and masses. The figure to the left is too square-shouldered for good form, and the hand of the falling arm is ill-shaped, while both figures and drapery suggest ordinary studies from models rather than fine designing faculty. A comparison of Stethard's vignettes to Rogers's "Poems," which are the best instances of graceful design in a similar vein that we know of, will illustrate our meaning. But notwithstanding all defects, there remains much to be praised in this work. There is some exquisite painting in it, especially so in the head of the figure to the right, where the flesh tones are delightfully pure and varied, and the hair and its pearl ornaments are touched in with very subtle feeling. This is a direction, however, in which we think that modern art cannot safely go very far. It strikes a vein of rather unwholesome sentimentality. Modern life and modes of thought are so far opposed to the ideal feeling toward which this design leans, that a man can hardly possess it in a thoroughly healthy condition. As a rule, the safer course, even for artists like Mr. Dewing, will be, in our judgment, to deal with the beauty of the actual. Mr. Dewing's powers are such that if he would apply his whole strength to subjects of real life, he might, we think, easily lead among our figure painters.

Very different is "The Short Cut, Watchum, Station, N. J.," No. 63, by George Inness. It is a simple passage of familiar landscape. Broad extent of level meadow, narrow deep-cut brooklet in retiring perspective, rustic bridge, distant belt of woodland, with scant foliage of spring or autumn, middle ground and distance in light, foreground in unbroken cloud shadow, figure of an old man in shade on the bridge, other figures in light beyond, in graduated magnitudes as they retire, distant train of cars carrying off the colors of the figures, and connecting them with those of buildings still further removed, arid gray sky with upper blue openings—such are the elements of the design. The chiaroscuro is broad and true, the relation of light to shadow being especially fine. One feels that the local colors of the shaded parts are really the same as those of the parts in light, and that, as soon as the cloud passes, they will appear the same. This absolute justness of color relation in lights and shades is rarely so admirably reached. There is no instance in this picture of that forcing of shades which we sometimes find in works by Mr. Inness. The whole subject is here rendered in pure and delicate middle-tint, which is set off by just enough emphatic light and dark. The only thing that we notice to criticise is the too strong local color in the distant figures, which slightly disturbs the general harmony and quiet. More complete characterization of details would increase the beauty and value of the picture; but this is something that Mr. Inness seems resolved never to give. On this account we never feel wholly satisfied with his painting, though it often possesses qualities, such as those just noticed, which we highly appreciate.

No. 56, "Nydia," is another of Mr. George Fuller's vagaries. This, like all the rest of this artist's work, shows enough latent capacity to justify us in blaming him severely for never painting truthfully or beautifully. The effect here presented is not that of either night or day—

it is an impossible one under any imaginable conditions. The handling is without meaning, and the form appears to be dissolving away. In color it is foul and false throughout. "The Fisherman's Daughter," No. 73, by Frank C. Jones, is a piece of good, though commonplace, painting, free alike from marked faults and important qualities. In comparison with so much that is bizarre and ungrammatical in the gallery it is grateful and instructive. Mr. R. Swain Gifford's "Evening in Autumn," No. 58, is effective but artificial. It lacks the variety and freshness of nature. Hot browns and yellowish greens prevail too far. More influence of gray from the sky would render it at once more truthful and more agreeable. Little can be said in praise of No. 7, "Summer," by J. Carroll Beckwith. It is not fine in total scheme of color, nor is it good in execution. The gray of the ladies' dress is unfeelingly and unnaturally uniform and inharmonious with its surroundings. The lips are far too untempered in crimson color, and the scarlet flowers of the background are obtrusive in violent local hue. The greens of the background, too, are crude and unvaried, and the handling is throughout monotonous and heavy. Mr. R. B. Brandegee's "Portrait," No. 11, is clever and frank work, though it is both conventional and forced in the shadows. Mr. J. Foxcroft Cole's "Cloudy Day, New England," No. 27, is good painting of the obvious qualities of a pleasant passage of landscape under gray sky. "Afternoon," by Kenyon Cox, No. 28, is an unaffected bit of quiet (apparently French) landscape in the sketchy French style. No. 23, "Studio Interior," by William M. Chase, is a piece of showy, rather than good, painting. The subject has no unity, being the scattered paraphernalia of a modern studio—mere *roba*; and Mr. Chase has failed to bring out the interest which might be found in even so bad a subject were its chiaroscuro faithfully studied. Instead of doing this he has obtruded, with glaring emphasis, the sheen of the lady's satin gown and the silk hangings, and the glints of light on objects of ordinary bric à brac. "Hackensack Landscape," No. 24, by the same artist, has some conspicuously bad drawing, especially in the perspective curve of the river bank to the left. Mr. Chase seems to cultivate a bad method of handling—a method that does not vary expressively in the rendering of objects of different kinds. His trees, grass, sky, and water are all done in the same way. Mr. Walter L. Palmer's "Noon," No. 89, has good color and light, and shows a fine sense of space. The subject is very simple, but it is graceful, and without any discord of ugly object.

There are strong qualities along with much bad taste in Mr. Sargent's "Portrait of a Lady," No. 103. The strong qualities are those of drawing and color values. The bad taste is displayed in the ungraceful pose and the ugly costume, which sadly deforms the figure. We have no doubt the picture is truthful in these points; but it is a pity that an artist should devote so much skill to giving enduring form to the monstrosities of a fashionable Parisian costume. The fashion in

which the lady's hair is arranged is also very ungraceful and unfit for a painter. An orderly and becoming mode of wearing the hair is especially desirable for a lady when she is going to sit for her portrait. If Mr. J. H. Twachtman's "Silver Poplars," No. 128, possesses any good qualities they entirely pass our understanding. The picture, if it can be called one, consists of a mostly flat space of dull green paint, with some dirty gray ramified brush lines drawn through it, and a space of ungraduated leaden gray above for a sky. It is a mistake to suppose that there are any true artistic qualities in work of this kind. It is no more artistic than it is like nature. We hope our artists will soon cease to throw away their time and materials on such vagaries. Mr. H. P. Smith's "Twilight—Mid-Ocean," No. 113, though showing strongly the mannerism that we spoke of in regard to this artist's work in the last Water-Color Exhibition, is very expressive of the beauty and power of the limitless sea. No. 46, "A Dead Quince Tree," by Joe Evans, looks like a conscientious study. It is inexperienced work, however, and shows the want of due appreciation of those elements which make a subject of this kind worth painting. The tree lacks expression of that united impulse in its leading lines which is expressive of life and beauty, and which remains a prominent characteristic after the tree is dead. Some trees show it more plainly than others; but in choosing one to paint, those which fail to show it in a marked manner should be rejected. Even in a good model an artist will usually find it necessary to emphasize somewhat the expression of this trait. The rigid fence, too, which runs across the canvas, is uninteresting, and harmful to the design. An example of good, quiet, grammatical painting is Mr. Thomas Allen's "Woodland Pasture in Early Autumn," No. 3.

"Le Philtre," No. 133, by H. O. Walker, is a nude female figure, ugly in form, ungraceful in pose, and certainly not fine in color. We see no good reason why it should have been painted. Mr. C. Y. Turner's "Portrait," No. 127, is a very good free piece of work, though it is somewhat too violent in contrasts of light and shade. By these strong contrasts, as we have before shown, color is in great measure lost in the shadows. Fine colorists, like the Venetian masters, therefore avoid them, keeping their shadows always sufficiently luminous to insure the fullest preservation of local hues that is compatible with the legitimate modifications of shade. This most important principle of good coloring has been strangely lost sight of in the modern schools, but it is invariably enforced by the teaching of the central Italian schools, to which we have referred as illustrating all that is exemplary in regard to fundamental principles. This principle is enforced, too, by the example of those modern painters who have founded their practice upon these Italian schools—painters like Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. Another very good portrait sketch is that of Mr. Montague Flagg, No. 50. These works contain so much that is good that we cannot help wishing that their authors would, for a while, at least, follow the example of Bellini and Titian,

rather than that of the present schools of Munich and Paris, and give us beautifully colored and quietly finished, no less than expressive and spirited work. But we can pardon the want of finish and accept mere sketches in place of finished pictures, if only the sketches be executed on thoroughly true principles, and be right and beautiful as far as they go. It is the want of right cultivation in fundamental principles—whether for rapid sketching or finished painting—that we have so constantly to complain of; not the mere fact that our artists just now prefer to work sketchily.

There are good qualities in the large canvas No. 38, "La Marcelline," by Mr. Donoho, but it is painfully monotonous in color and scattered in effect. To represent adequately and agreeably the infinity of dead leaves which cover the ground in autumn of such a wood interior, is a very difficult task. The difficulty would have been lessened, however, and the result have been much better, in this case, if the artist had looked faithfully enough at nature. He would then have seen that the fallen leaves in a wood rarely, if ever, present such an appearance of absolutely speckled equality to the ground-surface as is here represented. The natural unevenness of the ground, the accidents of winds, and the unequal spacing and magnitudes of the trees, tend to gather the leaves in greater heaps in some places than in others, and thus is produced a variety and a gathering of details into masses which make the scene more grateful to the eye, and consequently more suitable for a picture, than when no such variety or gathering into masses exists. No. 32, "Après la Messe," by William F. Dannat, is a piece of utterly vulgar realism. The subject is a debasing one to contemplate, and the execution exhibits nothing more than the commonest artistic powers. Mr. E. H. Blasfield's "The Minute Men," No. 8, is below the mark of other works which we have noticed by him. The conception, composition, and treatment of the subject are thoroughly commonplace.

The few examples of sculpture which accompany this exhibition are of little importance. The art of sculpture is in a far from prosperous condition at the present time. However the prevailing methods of conception and treatment may do in painting, they certainly are not favorable to sculpture. All merely picturesque and realistic motives are outside the range of the proper ends of sculpture, which requires for its life the refined study of beautiful form. In addition to the unfavorable influence of the modern picturesque methods upon sculpture, another great cause for its present low condition is, we suspect, the modern practice of modelling in clay—a material which very naturally lends itself to picturesque treatment, such as the French modellers exemplify. Indeed, we have, as a rule, only modellers in clay at the present time. There are, probably, few original sculptors living who could successfully carve a statue in marble; but it is through the actual use of the chisel, among other things, that we must hope to regain something of the true sculptor's sense of what form in marble should properly be.

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